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LOVE AND LOSS.

I.

DARK SPRING.

Now the mavis and the merle
 Lavish their full hearts in song,
 Peach and almond boughs unfurl
 White and purple bloom along
 A blue burning air,
 And all is very fair.
 But ah! the silence and the sorrow!
 I may not borrow
 Any anodyne for grief
 From the joy of flower or leaf,
 No healing to allay my pain
 From the cool of air and rain;
 Every sweet sound grew still,
 Every fair color pale,
 When his life began to wane;
 They may never live again!
 A child's voice and visage will
 Ever more about me fail.
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!
 Now my listless feet will go
 Laboring ever as in snow:
 Though the year with glowing wine
 Fill the living veins of vine;
 Though the glossy fig may swell,
 And Night hear her Philomel;
 Though the sweet lemon blossom breathe,
 And fair Sun his falchion wreath
 With crimson roses at his foot,
 All is desolate and mute;
 Dark to-day, and dark to-morrow,
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!

II.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

A Voice.

Only a little child!
 Stone cold upon a bed!
 Is it for him you wail so wild,
 As though the very world were dead?
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Do not all things die?
 'Tis but a faded flower!
 Dear lives exhale perpetually
 With every fleeting hour.
 Rachael forever weeps her little ones;
 Forever Rizpah mourneth her slain sons.
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Only a little child!
 Long generations pass,
 Behold them flash a moment wild
 With stormlight, a pale headlong mass
 Of foam, into unfathomable gloom!
 Worlds and shed leaves have all one doom.
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Should earth's tremendous shade
 Spare only you and yours?
 Who regardeth empires fade
 Untroubled, who impassive pours

Human joy, a mere spilt water,
 Revels red with human slaughter!
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Another Voice.

... Only a little child!
 He was the world to me.
 Pierced to the heart, insane, defiled,
 All holiest hope! foul mockery,
 Childhood's innocent mirth and rest.
 There is no God;
 The earth is virtue's funeral sod!

Another Voice.

Only a little child!
 Ah! then, who brought him here?
 Who made him loving, fair, and mild,
 And to your soul so dear?
 His lowly spirit seemed divine,
 Burning in a heavenly shrine.
 Arise, arise!

With pardon for the tranquil skies.

Only a little child!
 Who sleeps upon God's heart!
 Jesus blessed our undefiled,
 Whom no power avails to part
 From the life of him who died
 And liveth, whatsoe'er betide!
 Whose are eyes
 Tranquiller than starlit skies?

Only a little child!
 For whom all things are;
 Spring and summer, winter wild,
 Sea and earth, and every star,
 Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
 Hell and heaven, loss and gain.
 Life and death are his, and he
 Rests in God's eternity.

Arise, arise!
 Love is holy, true, and wise,
 Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

III.

SLEEP.

Airily the leaves are playing
 In blue summer light;
 Fugitive soft shadow laying
 Lovingly o'er marble white,
 Where he lies asleep.

Lilies of the valley bending
 Lowly bells amid the green;
 Sweet moss-roses meekly lending
 Their soft beauty to the scene
 Of his quiet sleep.

All around him heather glowing
 Purple in the sun;
 Sound of bees and bird o'erflowing
 Lull my lost, my little one,
 Lying there asleep.

Harsher sight or sound be banished,
 For my child is gone to rest;
 These are telling of my vanished
 In the language of the blest,
 Wake him not from sleep!

Good Words. RODEN NOEL.

From The Contemporary Review.

WHAT IS GOING ON AT THE VATICAN.

A VOICE FROM ROME.

THE object of the present article is to set forth as clearly and distinctly as lies in the writer's power the attempts which are now being made, or have been already made by the present pontiff, Leo XIII., to reconcile the interests of the Catholic Church with the peace of civil governments.

I.

IN entering on this task prominence must first be given to a fact which has exercised great influence on the events to be afterwards recorded. That fact was the death, at the commencement of the present year, of King Victor Emmanuel. The decease of the monarch occasioned such universal mourning, and provoked such demonstrations of affection and loyalty, on the part of the entire Italian population, that the Vatican itself was startled by the spectacle. The event had not only given fresh vigor to the faith in nationality, it had also to a certain extent revealed the deeper traditions and instincts of the national religion. The great liberal party, imposing silence on the materialists and freethinkers, hung all the churches with tricolor flags, and the foremost actors in the great national revolution thronged all the cathedrals and there paid the tribute of religious rites to the departed sovereign, already invested with an almost legendary halo. The impression created by the monarch's death had sunk deep into the minds of the people, when the death of Pius IX., so long expected and more than once even prematurely announced, at last took place. The contrast between the national mourning exhibited for King Victor Emmanuel and the general indifference shown on the decease of Pius IX. was too clear and unmistakable not to suggest very awkward conclusions. It is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that the contrast thus presented served as a crucial test to the great body of Italian Catholics. From that day illusions were more rapidly dispelled, and, just as if a mist had cleared away, the political rela-

tions between the Vatican and the Italian State stood forth in their real and sharp outlines.

Whatever views might have been previously entertained by the foreign members of the Sacred College, it is quite certain that on entering the Vatican they found a strong current of opinion for which they were totally unprepared. Cardinal Manning may, amongst his own English partisans and admirers, affirm and reaffirm that he never urged upon his brethren of the Sacred College the expediency of holding the conclave beyond the bounds of Italy. Such declarations will not cancel the fact that the representations made by him to his brother cardinals during the conclave could only at the time lead to the inference that, in the attempt to transfer the sittings of the conclave to Malta, or some other place not subject to the Italian crown, he was putting forth a zeal not inferior to that displayed by him in the cause of papal infallibility. No sooner, however, had the majority of the cardinals reached Rome than it became evident that on one most important point their decision might clearly be foreseen. They were quite resolved not to elect a foreigner to the papal throne, and equally determined not to elect an Ultramontane backed notoriously by foreign influence. Of the previous existence of this moderate and Italian party in the Sacred College no doubt had been entertained. But the precise strength of its convictions, the character of its organization, the nature of its leadership, if it possessed a regular and recognized leader, were all points which were involved in great obscurity. Through the mist, however, it was not difficult to discern how strongly and in what direction the current ran, and from what quarter the wind blew. A thousand little facts, each in itself insignificant, but collectively all-important, served to make known the true state of matters. From many a mouth proceeded the remark that the demonstrations of affection and reverence offered, not only by the Italian people, but by all civilized States, to the memory of King Victor Emmanuel, ought to have the effect of at last opening men's eyes. In other quarters it was observed that the

principles of free government and national unity had evidently struck such deep root that it was quite idle to continue any longer dreaming about a restoration of the pope's temporal power. Italy, it was affirmed, had recorded a second and more impressive plebiscite in favor of the house of Savoy. And then profound regret was expressed at the fact that so important a figure in the annals of the papacy as that of Pius IX. should have passed away without exciting in the minds of the deceased pontiff's fellow-countrymen similar feelings of affection and of grief. When the causes of this contrast were brought to light and freely canvassed, there were found not a few highly honored and influential prelates who deplored the eccentricities and follies of Pius IX., as having been the occasion of so much mischief. The general indifference manifested on Pius IX.'s death found, it was said, its simple and natural explanation in those eccentricities, which had alienated from the Holy See the great mass of the Italian people. At the very moment when the crowd, drawn by curiosity, was thronging St. Peter's for the purpose of beholding the pontiff's corpse, many a sharp censure was to be heard in the halls of the Vatican, where from this or from the other high ecclesiastic the words proceeded, "There must be a change of system, otherwise who can tell how it will all end?" In many well-known clerical houses a frank tribute of admiration was paid to the conduct of the government and to the bearing of the troops, as shown in the admirable order maintained at such a critical moment throughout the whole city. Not that there were wanting furious fanatics who at once took the alarm on hearing such language as the above, and determined to band themselves more closely together to prevent the great danger of a moderate pope.

II.

IN the very first meetings of the conclave, I repeat, it was quite evident that the Ultramontane cardinals had no chance of success. Cardinal Joachin Pecci, one of the most learned members of the Sacred College, who was an object of profound aversion to Cardinal Antonelli, and was

systematically kept for many years at a distance from Rome, had shortly before been appointed cardinal camerlengo. It is just possible that Pius IX., in conferring on him that office, took it for granted that, in accordance with the usual custom of the Sacred College, the cardinal camerlengo would be virtually excluded from the list of candidates for the tiara. But the first consequence of the nomination was that Cardinal Pecci, during his brief tenure of office as camerlengo, had the opportunity of bringing into prominence his character and opinions. There was formed at once without as well as within the walls of the Vatican a current of opinion favorable to Cardinal Pecci, who was pronounced to be averse to flattery, and to the feminine gossip and jealousies by which Pius IX. was unhappily too much characterized. Cardinal Pecci was considered hostile to the Jesuits, and it was reported to be his intention to make a clean sweep of the manifold abuses and corruptions of the Vatican. Future historical critics will doubtless display much acumen in bringing to light the alleged tangled web of native intrigues or foreign influence resulting in the election of Joachin Pecci to the papal chair. I unhesitatingly affirm, on the contrary, that his election was brought about by the force of public opinion, which it is not too much to say had never previously in the annals of the papacy been exerted so freely and so fully, not in Rome alone, but throughout the whole of Italy. Not an hour passed in which there were not transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the world the most minute details respecting this great event in the history of the Church, so far as they could possibly be known; and on all these details the press lavished its comments. It was utterly impossible for the cardinals themselves to keep aloof from, or remain indifferent to, these manifestations of public opinion. The current in favor of moderate courses was strong and undeniable. As it flowed into the Sacred College it found itself encountered and arrested by several groups of schemers, bent on objects which it would be difficult to regard as compatible either with the welfare of civilized States or the good of the

Catholic Church. There was wanting, however, for this current of opinions favorable to a moderate policy a clear and definite expression. On the first division a considerable number of votes were given in favor of Cardinal Pecci. Then all doubts and hesitations vanished. Even Cardinal Franchi, who wielded so much influence in the Sacred College, bowed down before the clear expression of public opinion. What followed with such rapidity must be ascribed to the good sense and tact of the cardinals, who perceived that a prolonged opposition would only result either in the defeat of Cardinal Pecci's reactionary opponents, or in the humiliating and perilous spectacle of an open division amongst the rulers of the Catholic Church. The triumph of Cardinal Pecci was hailed everywhere throughout Italy as a national triumph, and this for the special reason that his election had been imposed on his brother cardinals by Italian public opinion. For Cardinal Manning, who, if he had not actually put forward direct pretensions to the vacant chair of St. Peter, certainly did nothing to discourage the efforts made by his devoted partisans and admirers to represent him as the member of the Sacred College best fitted to fill so high an office, — for a cardinal of this stamp it must have been no slight humiliation to find himself compelled to bow down with all apparent reverence before a pope the known enemy of those very Jesuits whom his Eminence of Westminster holds in such honor. It is to be hoped that the severe lesson thus received will have the effect of opening, however late, Cardinal Manning's eyes to the existence of a fact which he has hitherto seemed resolved most obstinately to ignore. The fact is this, that the Roman Curia is essentially Italian. No phenomenon in the administration of the Roman Catholic Church is more remarkable than the skill with which the Italian ecclesiastics constantly residing in Rome, though in most cases far inferior to their foreign brethren in talent, in learning, and in moral character, continue to turn to account the influence in foreign countries of those very brethren for the firmer consolidation of their own power at the papal court. For-

eign ecclesiastics have soon an opportunity of learning the extreme limit of gratitude felt in the Vatican. One of these may, after the fashion of Cardinal Manning, create a widespread agitation in favor of such a dogma as the personal infallibility; he may squeeze out, from the hoards of the rich or the hard-won earnings of the poor, millions to be laid as Peter's pence at the feet of the pontiff; he may effect in the interests of Rome the conversion of his Grace the duke of this, and the most noble the marquis of that, and assure his spiritual chief that their conversion only precedes the "going over" of entire towns and counties; he may do all this, and he will have his reward in the possession of a red hat, and the consequent social distinction which his exalted rank in the Church will secure to him in his native country amongst all the members of his own communion. But if he dreams for a single moment that with the acquisition of such honors he has gained the power of influencing at the Vatican the councils of the Church, he will very soon make the unpleasant discovery that he has been reckoning without his host. All the talent and energy which he has been exerting, and successfully exerting, at home, for the interests of his Church, will be found utterly powerless the moment that he seeks to employ them in making the slightest impression on that obstinate, ignorant, yet most practically vulpine element in the Roman Curia which is so thoroughly Italian — nay, more, so thoroughly Roman. This is a characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church which deserves far more attention than it commonly receives; and, paradoxical as the assertion may at the first glance appear, it is not the less true that exactly in proportion to the increased predominance of this exclusively Roman influence in the Curia, the congregations of cardinals, and the foreign *nuntiatores*, there is an increased willingness on the part of the foreign dignitaries of the Roman Catholic communion to prostrate themselves in abject submission before the will of the Vatican. No better example of this intense selfishness of a local caste, if I may so term it, can be found than is furnished by the whole story of the proceed-

ings respecting the Vatican Council. Cardinal Manning may pride himself on having been made the agent of the Jesuits, and on having tickled and gratified the puerile vanity of Pius IX. Let him calmly cast up the account, and ask himself what addition has thereby accrued to his previous influence with the Roman Curia. Many a humble monk who repairs to the Vatican, as one of the members of a deputation, has within its walls more real and substantial influence, as regards the government of the Church, than this unwearied servant of Rome, who appears to me, at this distance, to be eternally flaunting his scarlet honors, one day in the drawing-room of the noble, and the next at a meeting of the working classes, and who seems consumed by his feverish zeal to effect the conversion of the entire United Kingdom.

III.

THE first speech delivered by the new pontiff was a mistake, occasioned by the desire to let the world know in what account he held certain acts of his predecessor. Pius IX. had by degrees succeeded in surrounding the papal chair with flatterers or fanatics — men whose flatteries and whose fanaticism were equally hurtful to the true interests of the Church. The cardinals who owed their elevation to Gregory XVI. had dwindled down to a very small number, and the majority of those created by Pius IX. were persons who had only been allowed to enter the Sacred College because they held, or at least expressed, the opinion, that in the government of the Church the pope was everything, and the Sacred College a body of small account. Leo XIII., who as cardinal had only too many opportunities of learning in what slight esteem Pius IX. held the Sacred College, determined to open his new papal career by an act not more generous than imprudent. In the very first words which he uttered he restored to the Sacred College its authority. The imprudence of the act soon became apparent. The new pope handed over to the creatures of Pius IX. the government of the Church. He was made aware of the full extent of his error the very moment he began his attempts to reform the papal court.

There is no exaggeration in the statement that amongst all the high functionaries whom he found in the Vatican, not a single one possessed his confidence. The necessity in which he found himself of having persons about him whom he could trust, was the sole reason for his speedily

installing in the Vatican his brother, the ex-Jesuit Don Giuseppe Pecci, and several of the able and learned churchmen who for some years had always been nearest his person in his diocese of Perugia. Leo XIII., in the invitation given to his brother to take up his residence with him in the Vatican, virtually gave a *soufflet moral* to the Jesuits. Don Giuseppe, who thirty years before had been compelled to leave the order of Loyola in consequence of his refusal to teach certain philosophical doctrines regarded by the Jesuits as the highest forms of ethical science, and who, from his first connection with the body, had always remained on terms of intimate friendship with Father Curci, was entrusted by his brother, the pope, with the task of treating confidentially several delicate matters. He and Monsignor Raffaele Boccali, private chamberlain of the pope, are the two individuals to whom Leo XIII. accords, beyond all others, his personal confidence. Monsignor Boccali is a person of great intelligence, and though keenly alive to the interests, is singularly free from the prejudices, of his order. He is the constant companion of the pope during his early morning walks in the Vatican garden, is present at the public audiences given by his Holiness, converses with the pope during dinner, and is almost always invited to pass the evening in the pope's company.

The most important of all the appointments which it became the duty of the new pope to make was that of the cardinal secretary of state. It was impossible that Cardinal Simeoni, the successor of Cardinal Antonelli, should continue to fill the post. During his short tenure of office, Cardinal Simeoni had betrayed a deplorable incapacity for business, had acted only as the blind tool of the Ultramontane irreconcilables, and could not, without the loss of all personal consistency and moral influence, attempt to hold language or advocate a policy at variance with the language and policy to which he was publicly committed. Leo XIII. was subjected to a hard trial. With the exception of Cardinal Franchi, he could not find in the Sacred College a churchman at once able and willing to undertake the duties. Those members to whom he first addressed himself, and whom he certainly would have preferred, declined for various reasons to accept so heavy a responsibility. His Holiness was thus prevented from availing himself of the services of Cardinal Mertel, Cardinal di Pietro, and Cardinal de Luca. Cardinal Franchi was not a man after the pope's

heart. He knew that Franchi was an apt pupil of the Antonelli school—one ever ready to lavish smooth words and delusive promises, and ever striving, in the old Antonelli fashion (not quite the apostolic one), to be all things to all men. The pope had, on one occasion, summed up his estimate of Cardinal Franchi in the words, "*Le cardinal Franchi est franc par mœurs et faux par caractère.*" Nor was Cardinal Franchi at all ignorant of the exact estimate formed respecting him by his Holiness. Such a judgment on the part of the pope, and the perfect knowledge of that judgment on the part of his Eminence, might not suggest the most favorable prospects for the relations between Leo XIII. and his new secretary of state. But the pope well knew that Cardinal Franchi was at least pliable, and that he would create no great difficulties when the pope should enter on his cherished task of pacification—that task over which his mind had for long years been brooding. The long-cherished and supreme ambition of Leo XIII. may be described in a single sentence—it aims at putting and leaving the Church in relations of friendship and peace with all civilized States. Cardinal Franchi accepted—not, however, without considerable hesitation—the office of cardinal secretary of state, transferring to Cardinal Simeoni the very important and influential post which he previously held, that of prefect of the College de Propaganda Fide. Cardinal Franchi—it is due to his memory that the statement be made without any reservation—soon entered into all the views and plans of the pontiff, and initiated, alike with Catholic and non-Catholic States, a policy widely different from that pursued by Pius IX. But not the less did, and do, obstacles to the success of Leo XIII.'s views constantly spring up within the bosom of the Sacred College.

The cardinals, reinvested with their authority, carry on against the pontiff a passive opposition which is a constant cause of serious annoyance to his Holiness. Nor does there seem any other feasible method of extrication from this inconvenience than the nomination of as many new cardinals as will support the party of the pontiff in the Sacred College. At present the pope is greatly dissatisfied with the bearing of several nuncios, especially with that of Monsignor Meglia at Paris, and Monsignor Jacobini at Vienna. But should he remove them from their present posts he would be obliged by the traditions of the Curia to confer on them red hats, and by that act would add to the Sa-

cred College two other members hostile to his views. To select new cardinals from amongst the prelates is attended with inconveniences almost as serious, for Pius IX. has certainly not left in the *prelatura* the means of an easy selection if the ecclesiastic to be chosen is to possess even average intelligence and erudition. Unless the pope shall find the courage to disentangle himself from the old traditions, and select his cardinals outside of the *prelatura*, no reforms, either religious or political, in the condition of the Church will ever be effected.

IV.

THE pastoral letters published at various periods by the pope when Bishop of Perugia attest the cultured tone of his mind, and his constant and unvarying desire to reconcile the interests of the Church with those of civilization. His constant effort is to demonstrate that every form of civil progress can only be facilitated by the more general extension of the Catholic faith. It is curious to see how the same pastoral letters which have furnished to so liberal a thinker and politician as Ruggero Bonghi the means of setting forth Leo XIII.'s enlightened policy have been ransacked, from the first page to the last, by clerical journalists, for the purpose of finding in the same the mere repetition of Pius IX.'s invectives and tirades. But however much the Ultramontane party may exert itself in order to demonstrate that Leo XIII. is following, and will follow in all respects, the policy of his predecessor, a single fact proves that the fears of the party point in a different direction. With the view of rendering the pope alive to the indignation of that party, no scruple has been felt in impressing upon him that the sensible diminution in the amount of the Peter's pence offerings is due to his own liberal attitude. The ability of Pius IX. in extracting money from the pockets of the faithful was truly marvellous. But if the Peter's pence no longer flow into the papal treasury in so full a stream the cause must be sought elsewhere than in the reasons given by the reactionaries. The numerous pilgrimages organized by the Catholic committees in all parts of the civilized world may have had the effect of gratifying the vanity of Pius IX., but they had likewise another effect, that of opening the eyes of not a few pilgrims to the falseness of the alleged hardships suffered by the late pontiff in his durance vile. Whilst in foreign countries bishops were sending off pastoral letters, and thousands

of parish priests were preaching in their churches to ignorant and fanatical congregations, on the state of wretched poverty to which the supreme head of the Catholic Church was reduced by his persecutors, and whilst priestly agitators were holding up before the eyes of their dupes the very straws taken from the pallet of the august prisoner, the thousands of pilgrims who laid their money at the feet of the pontiff had occasion to observe a very different spectacle. On their arrival in Rome they beheld King Victor Emmanuel driving quietly about, everywhere reverentially greeted by the people, his modest landau almost unnoticed amongst the splendid equipages of the Roman princes. And when they repaired to the Vatican they were suddenly dazzled by the magnificence of the marble halls, thronged by Swiss Guards, Noble Guards, papal *gendarmes*, Palatine Guards, papal chamberlains, prelates, monsignors, and cardinals, in all their full-blown magnificence. Traversing the long array of these gilded satellites of the great central orb, they drew near, awestruck and bewildered, to the steps of the throne on which the supreme pontiff was seated, amidst the gorgeous splendors of his Byzantine court. If after gazing on the rubicund and jovial countenance of his Holiness, they cast furtive glances round the hall, in the hope of discovering iron gratings across the windows, or perchance, in some corner of the audience hall, the straw mattress, they were doomed to be cruelly disappointed in the search. The tone of their narratives, on returning to their own homes, must, there is some reason to presume, have had a share in fostering the belief which, during the last two or three years before Pius IX.'s decease, was in all Catholic countries every day becoming stronger, that the august prisoner was not so badly treated after all. No truth has been more clearly established in the long annals of political and religious revolutions than this, that a cause can scarcely ever be supported in the long run by mere voluntary offerings. Religious zeal, unless it be very sincere, very fervid, and very constant, will not stand this test. The Catholics, who have for so long a time made such sacrifices to swell the Peter's pence fund, cannot be blamed if they form no exception to this rule; and if for them, too, the time has come when they are more niggardly in voting the supplies. Some of the largest contributors have put forward excuses sufficiently logical and rational for drawing close their purse-strings. No excuse has been more fre-

quently alleged than the state of matters in the higher clerical circles of Rome, as revealed by the Antonelli-Lambertini lawsuit. The writer is personally acquainted with several wealthy Catholics, who, after having subscribed liberally for several years to the Peter's pence fund, stopped short, and refused to give another farthing, declaring that they saw no reason why they should curtail the comforts, or prevent the indulgence of the lawful and graceful tastes, of their own families, merely to see their gifts made the subject of public bickerings between the illegitimate children and the legal heirs of a cardinal secretary of state. That the enthusiasm has considerably cooled down, is proved by the following fact. Almost immediately after the election of Leo XIII., a deputation of the Lyons Catholics announced to the holy father that the *Défense Catholique* had opened a subscription with the view of presenting to the new pope a golden tiara of the value of a million francs. "I beg you to do nothing of the kind," was the pope's answer. "I have already four tiaras, and they are more than I want. What the Church wants is the pecuniary means for its own support, not tiaras for the pope." The idea of the tiara was given up; that, however, of the subscription for a million of francs was retained. Well, the melancholy result has been, that up to the present moment, the Lyons subscription does not exceed the amount of a very few thousand francs!. When the Peter's pence fund was under the absolute control of Cardinal Antonelli everybody was in the dark about both receipts and payments. But money never ceased to come in, and Pius IX. spent it freely. After Cardinal Antonelli's death, one of the first acts of his successor, Cardinal Simeoni, was to institute a special Peter's pence commission, and the sum then in the papal coffers was converted into foreign securities. These do not yield annually more than twelve hundred and fifty thousand francs, while the annual expense of the whole papal administration is seven million francs. As the holy see refused to accept the annual income of three million two hundred thousand francs, settled on the pope by the Italian Parliament when it voted the law of the papal guarantees, the Vatican has constantly to meet a large annual deficit, and this can only be done by unceasing efforts to get new subscriptions. With the view of counteracting the speculation by which so many of the local Catholic committees have been disgraced,

the pope has instituted very recently a new system of collection, by which it is hoped that the financial interests of the Vatican may be more effectually secured. It is matter of public notoriety that there are many priests who have bought estates and built mansions, solely through dexterous manipulation of the Peter's pence fund, the subscriptions to which are not always divided in the regular and undisguised fashion practised by the founder, Don Margotti of Turin, who, as all the world knows, gets his regular legal percentage. We are unable to affirm whether under the new system introduced by the holy see the zeal of the collectors and agents of the Peter's pence fund will remain the same.

V.

MUCH has been written about the celebrated retraction of the Jesuit Father Curci. Before entering on this subject it may be as well to bring out in full relief a little circumstance which deserves to be made known for the light which it throws on the relations between Cardinal Manning and Father Curci. Curci had formed the acquaintance of the cardinal in Rome, and had been on terms of much intimacy with him. In the summer of 1874, when Father Curci became for the first time the object of suspicion and censure at the Vatican on account of his "*Ragione dell' Opera*," prefixed to his commentary on the four Gospels, he was informed that Archbishop Manning was on the point of visiting Rome. Curci wrote to him requesting that he might be informed of the date of his arrival in Florence, as he had matters of some importance to discuss with him. Father Curci did not cherish the hope of enlisting Monsignor Manning on his side, but he believed it possible that his influence might be usefully exerted in the attempt to reform the factious and corrupt state of the Vatican. Monsignor Manning, on reaching Florence, repaired to the convent of Santa Felicita, where Father Curci was then residing. Father Curci placed in Monsignor Manning's hands the first volume of his commentary, with the special request that he would peruse with more than common attention the "*Ragione dell' Opera*." When the Jesuit returned Monsignor Manning's visit at the Hôtel de l'Arno, he received from the English ecclesiastic the strongest assurances that he completely shared and approved of the views propounded. Monsignor Manning, in fact, evinced his complete and most cordial concurrence in all the views put

forth subsequently by Father Curci in his now celebrated pamphlet "*Il Moderno Dissidio*." Monsignor Manning left Father Curci with the distinct promise that on reaching Rome he would urge on Pius IX. the acceptance of the truths enounced in the Jesuit's work. He must, however, have been singularly unsuccessful in his mode of recommending to the holy father the cause which he had undertaken to defend, for the effect of his communications to Pius IX. was the creation of a feeling of fierce indignation in the pontiff's mind against the Jesuit, who was henceforth regarded by his Holiness as a traitor to the interests of the papacy. It was not until Leo XIII. gave his mind to a calm and impartial review of the relations between his predecessor and the Jesuit, that Father Curci again received permission to cross the threshold of the Vatican. The true facts of this Curci episode are the following. Father Curci was summoned to Rome by a letter from Cardinal Franchi, in which the cardinal secretary of state informed him that the holy father, desiring to put an end to the violent controversy occasioned by the relations between the Jesuit and the late pontiff, requested the father to repair to Rome in order to have the whole matter thoroughly sifted. Curci at once complied with a request equivalent to a command, and reached Rome on Easter eve. In the interview which he had immediately after his arrival with the cardinal secretary of state, he set forth his opinions with all fulness. Expressing his profound regret at having done anything which might have seemed disrespectful to the person of Pius IX., he expressed his readiness to accept the counsels and commands of the head of the Church. But he strongly insisted on the fact that his work "*Il Moderno Dissidio*" contained nothing at variance with the doctrines of the Church, and explained the reasons why he had refused to subscribe a retraction in the form required by Pius IX. In the retraction exacted by Pius IX. he had been required to recognize as fundamental doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church:—

- 1st. The speedy re-establishment of the temporal power of the popes.
- 2nd. The duty of all sincere Catholics to abstain from political elections.
- 3rd. The impossibility of co-existence for the papacy and the kingdom of Italy.

"These propositions," said Father Curci, "I am resolved not to subscribe, and rather than do so, I am ready to be

cut to pieces. It is high time to recognize the fact that Italian unity cannot be broken up, for whatever may be the form of government destined to rule the country, the nation will not consent to be again divided into different fractions. Such being the undoubted state of matters, the duty of all Catholics is to come forward and play their part in political life, unless they are content to see morality and religion go to the dogs."

Cardinal Franchi hastened to assure Father Curci that no intention existed of asking him to subscribe any retraction in the form required by Pius IX. And when Father Curci expressed the wish that the treatment of these delicate matters might, considering the numerous and weighty avocations of the cardinal secretary of state, be confided by his Holiness to some person of known impartiality and with sufficient time at his command, Leo XIII. met the wish of the Jesuit by entrusting to his own brother, Don Giuseppe, the task in question. None the less, however, Father Curci had repeated interviews with Cardinal Franchi, to whom he imparted freely his opinions on the condition of the Church and on its relations with the government of Italy.

In one of these conversations, which turned on the occupation of Rome, Father Curci expressed himself in the following terms: "I, who am in the habit of discerning in the course of all human affairs the hand of Providence, believe the occupation of Rome to have been a truly providential event. The Church stood in need of a great humiliation; it has not even now been sufficiently humbled. The Church should reflect, as in a clear mirror, virtue, truth, and morality. What has actually happened? Thanks to this occupation, we see in the Quirinal a young king who, by the admission of the whole world, is sincere, upright, and desirous to do good. We see a young queen universally beloved and honored for her spotless character. And it is impossible to doubt that these high examples must produce the most beneficial influence on the social life, not of the court alone, but of the whole of Italy. It is impossible to estimate the good effect that may flow from such high examples. But the example thus given by a temporal ought to create emulation in a spiritual court. I believe therefore that Providence has brought things about, in order that the court of the Vatican might receive a motive and an impulse to enter on a rivalry of virtue with the court of the Quirinal."

Father Curci, in another conversation, sought to demonstrate the propriety of Leo XIII. no longer remaining like Pius IX. shut up in the Vatican. "Fanatics," he observed, "need not have recourse to poison in order to get rid of an obnoxious pope, after the fashion practised with Leo XII. It will be quite enough for such fanatics to maintain in full force the absurd fiction of the imprisonment. The valley of the Vatican, as you know, was always regarded as quite lethal during the height of summer,—a fact sufficiently proved by the circumstance that in the beginning of July all who have it in their power to do so leave the place. A small seminary attached to the Vatican has always at that season transferred the pupils to another building in a healthier situation in the city. The popes always spent those unhealthy months in the Quirinal Palace, except when they went, as was so often the case with Pius IX., to Castel Galdolfo. If Pius IX. was able to spend without serious injury the last seven years of his life in the Vatican, this must be ascribed partly to his strong constitution, partly to his being the native of a low and level district, and partly to his having during the previous twenty-four years become acclimatized to the Vatican air. But Leo XIII., born in a mountainous district, accustomed to live for the last thirty-two years in a mountainous district,—his diocese of Perugia,—and possessing a somewhat delicate constitution, cannot long remain with impunity in the Vatican."

To these remarks Father Curci received from the cardinal secretary of state the significant answer, "A pope, we are told, ought to be ready to offer up even his life for the Church."

The blood rushed up to the Jesuit's forehead, and the tones of his voice rose so high that the three other persons present at the interview could hear every accent ringing through the room as he rejoined: "Certainly, for the Church; and if such a sacrifice were made for the true interests of the Church, the pope would be venerated as a martyr; but not for the freaks of Don Margotti and of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. A sacrifice made in obedience to such prompting would still justify our compassion for one thus deceived, but justify still more our perfect right to designate those who thus counselled him as traitors or as fools (*lo compatiremmo come ingannato e qualificheremmo per imbecille o traditore chi glielo avesse consigliato*)."

Don Giuseppe Pecci, in obedience to his brother's command, entered into com-

munication with Father Curci, with the view of bringing about a solution of the question that so much engrossed the pope's mind. Don Giuseppe Pecci frankly declared to the ex-Jesuit that his brother, being desirous of effecting an amicable settlement of the point at issue, would view with favor such a compromise as, without wounding the self-respect or the conscientious scruples of the father, might enable the pontiff, in a way not disrespectful to the memory of his predecessor, to receive the author of "*Il Moderno Disiduo*" in the Vatican. Thereupon Father Curci drew up in his own handwriting a retraction which, on being submitted to the pope, received from his Holiness certain modifications, these modifications being framed in terms even more favorable to Father Curci than the original document. Matters having reached this stage, Father Curci, who, during his stay in Rome had discussed freely those controverted matters with several of the most distinguished dignitaries of the Church, expressed the desire to live for some time in strict seclusion, and an arrangement was made for his taking up his residence in the convent of Grottaferrata. Cardinal Nina, the official protector of the convent, gave his complete sanction to the arrangement, and the precise cell to be occupied by the ex-Jesuit had been chosen. But the father, when on the point of starting for the convent, was informed that in consequence of the strong pressure put by certain influential persons on the superior of the convent, the last named person found himself under the necessity of refusing the hospitality which he had already consented to grant. The indignation of Leo XIII. on learning these facts was extreme, and an intimation was conveyed directly from the Vatican to the Jesuit fathers of Mondragone, — because it was by them that pressure had been put upon the superior of Grottaferrata, — that if it was not convenient for them to receive the father at the convent, it was quite convenient for his Holiness to receive him in the Vatican. On the same day Father Curci began to occupy the apartment assigned to him in the Vatican, where he remained for a week.

During the eight days of Father Curci's stay in the Vatican the Jesuit had several interviews with Leo XIII., though not without some difficulty, thanks to Ultramontane influence. More than once the position of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the Church formed the

subject of their conversation. The talk turned at first on the negotiations which, during the pontificate of Pius IX., had been carried on for the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. Pius IX., with his marvellous love of gossip, was always pleased to hear Monsignor Manning glorify the revolution effected by him in the position of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and contrast the days when Cardinal Wiseman was hooted and hissed by the ragged boys of Golden Square, with the happier times in which Cardinal Manning now found himself, on all public occasions encircled with the social respect and honor paid to the official representatives of foreign powers. It was a battledore and shuttlecock game of mutual flattery — Monsignor Manning ascribing all the merit of this happy change to the venerable pontiff, and the venerable pontiff tracing it solely to the apostolic zeal of Monsignor Manning. Amongst the vast plans submitted by Monsignor Manning to Pius IX. were some which naturally engaged the attention of Pius IX.'s successor. One of these plans, the passing *en masse* of large bodies of Ritualistic clergymen from the Church of England to that of Rome, formed the subject of consultation between Leo XIII. and Father Curci. It appears that in an audience granted to him by Pius IX., his Eminence of Westminster drew forth from his pocket a string of names longer than Leporello's famous catalogue of Don Giovanni's fair victims, alleged to be the roll of the Ritualistic clergymen who had secretly pledged themselves to "go over." Many of these Ritualistic clergymen are husbands and fathers, and the chief difficulty lies in these conjugal and paternal relations. Leo XIII. broached this aspect of the question in his conversations with Father Curci, and asked him jokingly what ought to be done. "Why," said the ex-Jesuit, pulling up his collar, as he is in the habit of doing when somewhat at a loss for an answer, "I would wink at the wives and children if the husbands and fathers came over. But," added the wary father, who evidently feared that his Holiness, on the representation of Monsignor Manning, might be betrayed into the commercial operation more idiomatically than elegantly described as that of "buying a pig in a poke," — "I should like first to feel quite sure that your Holiness is really to have such a grand haul."

The pope and the ex-Jesuit parted on the best of terms.

VI.

THE statement has frequently been made that the Vatican feels great alarm at the multiplication of the various religious sects now going on in Rome, and more especially at the increase of Protestant churches. Pope Leo XIII. has very recently renewed, in the letter addressed by him to Cardinal Nina, the protests, the complaints, and the warnings on the same subject so often heard from the lips of Pius IX. By both popes this state of matters has been denounced as an outrage on the Church. That the Vatican really feels the degree of alarm which it exhibits may perhaps be doubted. Any one possessing a thorough acquaintance with the character of Italy and of the Italians will very soon be led to form the opinion that, of the vast sums expended by philanthropic and religious Englishmen to bring over the natives of foreign countries to sounder views of religious truth, scarcely any are so irrationally and so recklessly misspent as those lavished in Italy. If the word Protestant could be accepted as the synonym of anti-papal, the people of Italy are at the present moment the most Protestant nation in the world. This, however, is a subject the proper treatment of which would require, not the limits of an article, but of a volume. But, while making the assertion, it must at once be added that the revival of a deep and true religious faith in Italy is not likely to be produced by the spectacle of rival sects, each claiming to be the sole legitimate representative of Protestantism, and bickering and wrangling amongst themselves with far greater pertinacity and energy than they ever manifest against those whom it must be presumed they regard as the common foe.

The views put forward in "*Il Moderno Dissidio*" on the present state of religious opinion in Italy constitute an important part of Father Curci's work. Those views had perhaps the greatest share in creating so general an interest in the volume, for it would be idle to deny that on this point especially the influence of the ex-Jesuit's pages has been very remarkable. It is quite true that the spirit of the work was in different quarters differently judged. The present writer, who has had frequent opportunities of discussing with Father Curci the questions handled in his volume, would find himself not a little embarrassed if required to define exactly how far this or that widely diffused interpretation of Father Curci's reasonings was the more correct. There are "irreconcilables" in

the papacy who, no matter what the ex-Jesuit may say in behalf of the interests of the Catholic Church and the holy see, do not the less launch their furious invectives at his head, simply because from their point of view every Catholic who is not willing to go all lengths for the restoration of the pope's temporal power is a renegade and a traitor. By such persons popular representation, and, as a consequence, political and administrative elections, are regarded as hurtful to the population, and are therefore by them combated *à outrance*. By other critics Father Curci's work is regarded as a Jesuitical attempt to recover the lost authority and influence of the Church. In their opinion a Catholic Italy, if voting in great numbers at the political elections, might obtain a Parliamentary majority, and by a legislative act give back to the Church that temporal authority of which it has been deprived. A Catholic majority in the nation would thus bring about a result to be vainly looked for either from a foreign invasion or a popular revolution. Whether this really be the recondit purpose of Father Curci matters very little. It is, however, quite certain that his work has been thus interpreted by not a few Catholics, who, led astray by this delusion, sham an adherence to the present order of things in Italy solely from a hope that through the expected Catholic majority the papal cause may be again triumphant.

Nor are there wanting many sincere Catholics who in perfect good faith believe that from the realization of Father Curci's plans would spring the restored authority of the Church, and that an effectual bar would be raised up to the further progress of freethinkers and materialists. These last, indeed, go even farther in their hopes, believing as they do that a reconciliation between the Church and the State would give to the first an almost unbounded power. A Church, they hold, which could count on being always backed by a great military and naval State, would possess quite exceptional powers of expansion; whilst a State which could equally count on the moral influence of a hierarchy established in every corner of the globe might bring to the development of its policy elements of force not owned by any other power. To this it is objected in some quarters that the Church would run the risk of losing its universal character. But the objectors at once receive from the persons who indulge in these utopian visions the reply that their objection would hold good if the state of things thus antic-

ipated should have a permanent duration, whereas it is quite enough for them that a tacit reconciliation should have a temporary existence. That alone, they affirm, would give additional strength to both Church and State. These hopes may be well or ill founded, but there can be no doubt of their existence.

Such views, however, are not shared by the Conservative party, which is rapidly growing up in the midst of these complications, and which has for its political programme, not submission to the Vatican, but a moderate and conciliatory course in the treatment of ecclesiastical questions. It ought, by this time, to be clear to all impartial politicians, that a system of violent repression against the Roman Catholic Church only hastens the growth of a violent reaction in its favor. And it is fortunate for Italy that she turned a deaf ear to Prince Bismarck when he urged on her statesmen the expediency of making her laws on ecclesiastical matters the mere reflection of his own. Had Italy done so, she might have found herself reduced to the humiliation of following Prince Bismarck in his reopening of negotiations with the Vatican, and perhaps even as far as Canossa.

The demands made by Prince Bismarck showed how limited was his knowledge of the real position of the Catholic clergy in Italy. The Roman Curia is at once astute and powerful. The Italian bishops are now, for the most part, mere creatures of the Jesuits. They are utterly destitute of personal initiative, and are seldom gifted with either talent or learning. The inferior clergy are at once poor and ignorant. Widely different is the character of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, taken as a body, in England, or France, or Germany. There we see prelates of ability, energy, and erudition, laboring with untiring zeal for the domination of their Church. In what Italian province shall we find the type of the restless and intriguing priest such as he is painted by Emile Zola in his "*Conquête de Plassans*," a type only too familiar in the provincial society both of France and England? The incumbent of a parish in a large Italian town—when his parishioners present a mixture of clericals, liberals, and old noble families—plays the part of a dexterous diplomatist on all political questions. When he can only count on an element of fanaticism, he plays the part of a fanatic. He is a liberal in the Venetian, Lombard, Genoese, and Piedmontese provinces, those in which the pope recognizes as

legitimate the sovereignty of Humbert I. In the country districts he commonly reflects the views of the wealthiest among the neighboring landowners. If his squire is an out-and-out clerical, he too is an out-and-out clerical. If his squire is a decided liberal, above all if he is one who often asks his parish priest to dinner, the parish priest has extremely liberal views, and beneath the generous influence of his host's *Chianti* or *Barolo*, will keep the table in a roar by telling good stories as to the way in which the more sceptical and satirical of his parishioners are in the habit of treating the dogmas of Holy Mother Church. It is not uncommon to find the parish priest shy in speaking of politics at all, but it is very uncommon to find him preaching openly from his pulpit against the government. The parish priests, with few exceptions, are extremely ignorant, and this general state of ignorance in the working clergy is a cause of constant and unfeigned anxiety to the present pontiff.

Little progress has been made in the intellectual and moral condition of the Italian parish priest since the day when, thirty-one years ago, Pius IX., shortly after his accession, said to Massimo d'Azeglio: "You may find here and there an honest and intelligent parish priest, but taking them as a body they are mere dirt" (*fango*). It is a melancholy fact which must suggest most painful reflections to all who are really interested in the moral and religious welfare of Italy, that the parish priest generally stands in the scale of information and character below the mounted carabineer or ordinary tax-collector of his district; and no surprise need be felt if this state of matters so deeply engrosses the thoughts of Leo XIII.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BROONIE.

THINGS had gone on in this way for several weeks—if Gibbie had not been such a small creature, I hardly see how they could for so long—when one morning the men came in to breakfast all out of temper together, complaining loudly of the person unknown who would persist in interfering with their work. They were

the louder that their suspicions fluttered about Fergus, who was rather overbearing with them, and therefore not a favorite. He was in reality not at all a likely person to bend back or defile hands over such labor, and their pitching upon him for the object of their suspicion, showed how much at a loss they were. Their only ground for suspecting him, beyond the fact that there was no other whom by any violence of imagination they could suspect, was, that, whatever else was done or left undone in the stable, Snowball, whom Fergus was fond of, and rode almost every day, was, as already mentioned, sure to have something done for him. Had he been in good odor with them, they would have thought no harm of most of the things they thought he did, especially as they eased their work; but he carried himself high, they said, doing nothing but ride over the farm and pick out every fault he could find — to show how sharp he was, and look as if he could do better than any of them; and they fancied that he carried their evil report to his father, and that this underhand work in the stable must be part of some sly scheme for bringing them into disgrace. And now at last had come the worst thing of all: Gibbie had discovered the corn-bin, and having no notion but that everything in the stable was for the delectation of the horses, had been feeding them largely with oats — a delicacy with which, in the plenty of other provisions, they were very sparingly supplied; and the consequences had begun to show themselves in the increased unruliness of the more wayward amongst them. Gibbie had long given up resorting to the ceiling, and remained in utter ignorance of the storm that was brewing because of him.

The same day brought things nearly to a crisis; for the overfed Snowball, proving too much for Fergus's horsemanship, came rushing home at a fierce gallop without him, having indeed left him in a ditch by the roadside. The remark thereupon made by the men in his hearing, that it was his own fault, led him to ask questions, when he came gradually to know what they attributed to him, and was indignant at the imputation of such an employment of his mornings to one who had his studies to attend to — scarcely a wise line of defence where the truth would have been more credible as well as convincing — namely, that at the time when those works of supererogation could alone be effected, he lay as lost a creature as ever sleep could make of a man.

In the evening, Jean sought a word with

Donal, and expressed her surprise that he should be able to do everybody's work about the place, warning him it would be said he did it at the expense of his own. But what could he mean, she said, by wasting the good corn to put devilry into the horses? Donal stared in utter bewilderment. He knew perfectly that to the men suspicion of him was as impossible as of one of themselves. Did he not sleep in the same chamber with them? Could it be allusion to the way he spent his time when out with the cattle that Mistress Jean intended? He was so confused, looked so guilty as well as astray, and answered so far from any point in Jean's mind, that she at last became altogether bewildered also, out of which chaos of common void gradually dawned on her mind the conviction that she had been wasting both thanks and material recognition of service, where she was under no obligation. Her first feeling thereupon was, not unnaturally however unreasonably, one of resentment — as if Donal, in not doing her the kindness her fancy had been attributing to him, had all the time been doing her an injury; but the boy's honest bearing and her own good sense made her, almost at once, dismiss the absurdity.

Then came anew the question, utterly unanswerable now — who could it be that did not only all her morning work, but, with a passion for labor insatiable, part of that of the men also? She knew her nephew better than to imagine for a moment, with the men, it could be he. A good enough lad she judged him, but not good enough for that. He was too fond of his own comfort to dream of helping other people! But now, having betrayed herself to Donal, she wisely went farther, and secured herself by placing full confidence in him. She laid open the whole matter, confessing that she had imagined her ministering angel to be Donal himself: now she had not even a conjecture to throw at random after the person of her secret servant. Donal, being a Celt, and a poet, would have been a brute if he had failed of being a gentleman, and answered that he was ashamed it should be another and not himself who had been her servant and gained her commendation; but he feared, if he had made any such attempt, he would but have fared like the husband in the old ballad who insisted that his wife's work was much easier to do than his own. But as he spoke, he saw a sudden change come over Jean's countenance. Was it fear? or what was it? She gazed with big eyes fixed on his face, heeding neither him nor

his words, and Donal, struck silent, gazed in return. At length, after a pause of strange import, her soul seemed to return into her deep-set gray eyes, and in a broken voice, low, and solemn, and fraught with mystery, she said,

"Donal, it's the broonie !"

Donal's mouth opened wide at the word, but the tenor of his thought it would have been hard for him to determine. Celtic in kindred and education, he had listened in his time to a multitude of strange tales, both indigenous and exotic, and, Celtic in blood, had been inclined to believe every one of them for which he could find the least *raison d'être*. But at school he had been taught that such stories deserved nothing better than mockery, that to believe them was contrary to religion, and a mark of such weakness as involved blame. Nevertheless, when he heard the word *broonie* issue from a face with such an expression as Jean's then wore, his heart seemed to give a gaze in his bosom, and it rushed back upon his memory how he had heard certain old people talk of the brownie that used, when their mothers and grandmothers were young, to haunt the Mains of Glashruach. His mother did not believe such things, but she believed nothing but her New Testament!—and what if there should be something in them? The idea of service rendered by the hand of a being too clumsy, awkward, ugly, to consent to be seen by the more finished race of his fellow-creatures, whom yet he surpassed in strength and endurance and longevity, had at least in it for Donal the attraction of a certain grotesque yet homely poetic element. He remembered too the honor such a type of creature had had in being lapt around forever in the airy folds of L'Allegro. And to think that Mistress Jean, for whom everybody had such a respect, should speak of the creature in such a tone!—it sent a thrill of horrific wonder and delight through the whole frame of the boy: might, could there be such creatures? And thereupon began to open to his imagination vista after vista into the realms of might-be possibility—where dwelt whole clans and kins of creatures, differing from us and our kin, yet occasionally, at the cross-roads of creation, coming into contact with us, and influencing us, not greatly perhaps, yet strangely and notably. Not once did the real brownie occur to him—the small, naked Gibbie, far more marvellous and admirable than any brownie of legendary fable or fact, whether celebrated in rude old Scots ballad for his *taeless* feet, or designated in

noble English poem of perfect art, as lubber fiend of hairy length.

Jean Mavor came from a valley far withdrawn in the folds of the Gormarnet mountains, where in her youth she had heard yet stranger tales than had ever come to Donal's ears, of which some had perhaps kept their hold the more firmly that she had never heard them even alluded to since she left her home. Her brother, a hard-headed highlander, as canny as any lowland Scot, would have laughed to scorn the most passing reference to such an existence; and Fergus, who had had a lowland mother—and nowhere is there less of so-called superstition than in most parts of the lowlands of Scotland—would have joined heartily in his mockery. For the cowerd, however, as I say, the idea had no small attraction, and his stare was the reflection of Mistress Jean's own—for the soul is a live mirror, at once receiving into its centre, and reflecting from its surface.

"Div ye raily think it, mem?" said Donal at last.

"Think what?" retorted Jean sharply, jealous instantly of being compromised, and perhaps not certain that she had spoken aloud.

"Div ye raily think 'at there *is* sic creaturs as broonies, Mistress Jean?" said Donal.

"Wha kens what there is an' what there isna?" returned Jean: she was not going to commit herself either way. Even had she imagined herself above believing such things, she would not have dared to say so; for there was a time still near in her memory, though unknown to any now upon the farm except her brother, when the Mains of Glashruach was the talk of Daurside because of certain inexplicable nightly disorders that fell out there: the slang *roivs*, or the Scotch *remishes* (a form of the English *romage*), would perhaps come nearest to a designation of them, consisting as they did of confused noises, rumblings, jaculations: and the fact itself was a reason for silence, seeing a word might bring the place again into men's mouths in like fashion, and seriously affect the service of the farm: such a rumor would certainly be made in the market a ground for demanding more wages to fee to the Mains. "Ye haud yer tongue, laddie," she went on; "it's the least ye can efter a' 'at's come an' gane; an' least said's sunest mendit. Gang to yer wark."

But either Mistress Jean's influx of caution came too late, and some one had overheard her suggestion, or the idea was

already abroad in the mind bucolic and georgic, for that very night it began to be reported upon the nearer farms, that the Mains of Glashruach was haunted by a brownie who did all the work for both men and maids — a circumstance productive of different opinions with regard to the desirableness of a situation there, some asserting they would not fee to it for any amount of wages, and others averring they could desire nothing better than a place where the work was all done for them.

Quick at disappearing as Gibbie was, a very little cunning on the part of Jean might soon have entrapped the brownie; but a considerable touch of fear was now added to her other motives for continuing to spend a couple of hours longer in bed than had formerly been her custom. So that for yet a few days things went on much as usual; Gibbie saw no sign that his presence was suspected, or that his doings were offensive; and life being to him a constant present, he never troubled himself about anything before it was there to answer for itself.

One morning the long thick mane of Snowball was found carefully plaited up in innumerable locks. This was properly elf-work, but no fairies had been heard of on Daurside for many a long year. The brownie, on the other hand, was already in every one's mouth — only a stray one, probably, that had wandered from some old valley away in the mountains, where they were still believed in — but not the less a brownie; and if it was not the brownie who plaited Snowball's mane, who or what was it? A phenomenon must be accounted for, and he who will not accept a theory offered, or even a word applied, is indebted in a full explanation. The rumor spread in long slow ripples, till at last one of them struck the *membrana tympani* of the laird, where he sat at luncheon in the House of Glashruach.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAIRD.

THOMAS GALBRAITH was by birth Thomas Durrant, but had married an heiress by whom he came into possession of Glashruach, and had, according to previous agreement, taken her name. When she died he mourned her loss as well as he could, but was consoled by feeling himself now first master of both position and possession, when the ladder by which he had attained them was removed. It was not that she had ever given him occasion to

feel that marriage and not inheritance was the source of his distinction in the land, but that, having a soul as keenly sensitive to small material rights as it was obtuse to great spiritual ones, he never felt the property quite his own until his wife was no longer within sight. Had he been a little more sensitive still, he would have felt that the property was then his daughter's, and his only through her; but this he failed to consider.

Mrs. Galbraith was a gentle sweet woman, who loved her husband, but was capable of loving a greater man better. Had she lived long enough to allow of their opinions confronting in the matter of their child's education, serious differences would probably have arisen between them; as it was, they had never quarrelled except about the name she should bear. The father, having for her sake — so he said to himself — sacrificed his patronymic, was anxious that, in order to her retaining some rudimentary trace of himself in the ears of men, she should be overshadowed with his Christian name, and called Thomasina. But the mother was herein all the mother, and obdurate for her daughter's future; and, as was right between the two, she had her way, and her child a pretty name. Being more sentimental than artistic, however, she did not perceive how imperfectly the sweet Italian *Ginevra* concurred with the strong Scotch *Galbraith*. Her father hated the name, therefore invariably abbreviated it after such fashion as rendered it inoffensive to the most conservative of Scottish ears; and for his own part, at length, never said *Ginny*, without seeing and hearing and meaning *Jenny*. As *Jenny*, indeed, he addressed her in the one or two letters which were all he ever wrote to her; and thus he perpetuated the one matrimonial difference across the grave.

Having no natural bent to literature, but having in his youth studied for and practised at the Scottish bar, he had brought with him into the country a taste for certain kinds of dry reading, judged pre-eminently respectable, and for its indulgence had brought also a not insufficient store of such provender as his soul mildly hungered after, in the shape of books bound mostly in yellow calf — books of law, history, and divinity. What the books of law were, I would not foolhardily add to my many risks of blundering by presuming to recall; the history was mostly Scottish, or connected with Scottish affairs; the theology was entirely of the New England type of corrupted Calvinism, with which in Scot-

land they saddle the memory of great-souled, hard-hearted Calvin himself. Thoroughly respectable and a little devout, Mr. Galbraith was a good deal more of a Scotchman than a Christian; growth was a doctrine unembodied in his creed; he turned from everything new, no matter how harmonious with the old, in freezing disapprobation; he recognized no element in God or nature which could not be reasoned about after the forms of the Scotch philosophy. He would not have said an Episcopalian could not be saved, for at the bar he had known more than one good lawyer of the episcopal party; but to say a Roman catholic would not necessarily be damned, would to his judgment have revealed at once the impending fate of the rash asserter. In religion he regarded everything not only as settled but as understood; and seemed aware of no call in relation to truth, but to bark at any one who showed the least anxiety to discover it. What truth he held himself, he held as a sack holds corn—not even as a worm holds earth.

To his servants and tenants he was *just*—never condescending to talk over a thing with any of the former but the gamekeeper, and never making any allowance to the latter for misfortune. In general expression he looked displeased, but meant to look dignified. No one had ever seen him wrathful; nor did he care enough for his fellow-mortals ever to be greatly vexed—at least he never manifested vexation otherwise than by a silence that showed more of contempt than suffering.

In person, he was very tall and very thin, with a head much too small for his height; a narrow forehead, above which the brown hair looked like a wig; pale-blue, ill-set eyes, that seemed too large for their sockets, consequently tumbled about a little, and were never at once brought to focus; a large, but soft-looking nose; a loose-lipped mouth, and very little chin. He always looked as if consciously trying to keep himself together. He wore his shirt-collar unusually high, yet out of it far shot his long neck, notwithstanding the smallness of which, his words always seemed to come from a throat much too big for them. He had greatly the look of a hen, proud of her maternal experiences, and silent from conceit of what she could say if she would. So much better would he have done as an underling than as a ruler—as a journeyman even, than a master, that to know him was almost to disbelieve in the good of what is generally called

education. His learning seemed to have taken the wrong fermentation, and turned to folly instead of wisdom. But he did not do much harm, for he had a great respect for his respectability. Perhaps if he had been a craftsman, he might even have done more harm—making rickety wheelbarrows, asthmatic pumps, ill-fitting window-frames, or boots with a lurking divorce in each welt. He had no turn for farming, and therefore let all his land, yet liked to interfere, and as much as possible kept a personal jurisdiction.

There was one thing, however, which, if it did not throw the laird into a passion—nothing, as I have said, did that—brought him nearer to the outer verge of displeasure than any other, and that was, anything whatever to which he could affix the name of superstition. The indignation of better men than the laird with even a confessedly harmless superstition, is sometimes very amusing; and it was a point of Mr. Galbraith's poverty-stricken religion to denounce all superstitions, however diverse in character, with equal severity. To believe in the second sight, for instance, or in any form of life as having the slightest relation to this world, except that of men, that of animals, and that of vegetables, was with him wicked, antagonistic to the church of Scotland, and inconsistent with her perfect doctrine. The very word *ghost* would bring upon his face an expression he meant for withering scorn, and indeed it withered his face, rendering it yet more unpleasant to behold. Coming to the benighted country, then, with all the gathered wisdom of Edinburgh in his gallingaceous cranium, and what he counted a vast experience of worldly affairs besides, he brought with him also the firm resolve to be the death of superstition, at least upon his own property. He was not only unaware but incapable of becoming aware, that he professed to believe a number of things, any one of which was infinitely more hostile to the truth of the universe, than all the fancies and fables of a countryside, handed down from grandmother to grandchild. When, therefore, within a year of his settling at Glashruach, there arose a loud talk of the Mains, his best farm, as haunted by presences making all kinds of tumultuous noises, and even throwing utensils bodily about, he was nearer the borders of a rage, although he kept, as became a gentleman, a calm exterior, than ever he had been in his life. For were not ignorant clodhoppers asserting as facts what he knew never could take place! At once he set himself, with

all his experience as a lawyer to aid him, to discover the buffooning authors of the mischief: where there were deeds there were doers, and where there were doers they were discoverable. But his endeavors unintermitted for the space of three weeks, after which the disturbances ceased, proved so utterly without result, that he could never bear the smallest allusion to the hateful business. For he had not only been unhorsed, but by his dearest hobby.

He was seated with a game pie in front of him, over the top of which Ginevra was visible. The girl never sat nearer her father at meals than the whole length of the table, where she occupied her mother's place. She was a solemn-looking child, of eight or nine, dressed in a brown merino frock of the plainest description. Her hair, which was nearly of the same color as her frock, was done up in two triple plaits, which hung down her back, and were tied at the tips with black ribbon. To the first glance she did not look a very interesting or attractive child; but looked at twice, she was sure to draw the eyes a third time. She was undeniably like her father, and that was much against her at first sight; but it required only a little acquaintance with her face to remove the prejudice; for in its composed, almost resigned expression, every feature of her father's seemed comparatively finished, and settled into harmony with the rest; its chaos was subdued, and not a little of the original underlying design brought out. The nose was firm, the mouth modelled, the chin larger, the eyes a little smaller, and full of life and feeling. The longer it was regarded by any seeing eye, the child's countenance showed fuller of promise, or at least of hope. Gradually the look would appear in it of a latent sensitive anxiety — then would dawn a glimmer of longing question; and then it would, all at once, slip back into the original ordinary look, which, without seeming attractive, had yet attracted. Her father was never harsh to her, yet she looked rather frightened at him; but then he was cold, very cold, and most children would rather be struck and kissed alternately than neither. And the bond cannot be very close between father and child, when the father has forsaken his childhood. The bond between any two is the one in the other; it is the father in the child, and the child in the father, that reach to each other eternal hands. It troubled Ginevra greatly that when she asked herself whether she loved her father better than anybody else, as she believed she ought, she became imme-

diately doubtful whether she loved him at all.

She was eating porridge and milk: with spoon arrested in mid-passages, she stopped suddenly, and said: —

"Papa, what's a broonie?"

"I have told you, Jenny, that you are never to talk broad Scotch in my presence," returned her father. "I would lay severer commands upon you, were it not that I fear tempting you to disobey me, but I will have no vulgarity in the dining-room."

His words came out slowly, and sounded as if each was a bullet wrapped round with cotton wool to make it fit the barrel. Ginevra looked perplexed for a moment.

"Should I say *brownie*, papa?" she asked.

"How can I tell you what you should call a creature that has no existence?" rejoined her father.

"If it be a creature, papa, it must have a name!" retorted the little logician, with great solemnity.

Mr. Galbraith was not pleased, for although the logic was good, it was against him.

"What foolish person has been insinuating such contemptible superstition into your silly head?" he asked. "Tell me, child," he continued, "that I may put a stop to it at once."

He was rising to ring the bell, that he might give the orders consequent on the information he expected: he would have asked Mammon to dinner in black clothes and a white tie, but on Superstition in the loveliest garb would have loosed all the dogs of Glashruach, to hunt her from the property. Her next words, however, arrested him, and just as she ended, the butler came in with fresh toast.

"They say," said Ginevra, anxious to avoid the forbidden Scotch, therefore stumbling sadly in her utterance, "there's a broonie — brownie — at the Mains, who dis a' — does all the work."

"What is the meaning of this, Joseph?" said Mr. Galbraith, turning from her to the butler, with the air of rebuke, which was almost habitual to him, a good deal heightened.

"The meanin' o' what, sir?" returned Joseph, nowise abashed, for to him his master was not the greatest man in the world, or even in the highlands. "He's no a Galbraith," he used to say, when more than commonly provoked with him.

"I ask you, Joseph," answered the laird, "what this — this outbreak of superstition imports? You must be aware that nothing

in the world could annoy me more than that Miss Galbraith should learn folly in her father's house. That staid servants, such as I had supposed mine to be, should use their tongues as if their heads had no more in them than so many bells hung in a steeple, is to me a mortifying reflection."

"Tongues as weel's clappers was made to wag, sir; and wag they wull, sir, sae lang's the tow (*string*) hings oot at baith lugs," answered Joseph. The forms of speech he employed were not unfrequently obscure to his master, and in that obscurity lay more of Joseph's impunity than he knew. "Forby (*besides*), sir," he went on, "gien tongues didna wag, what w'y wad you, 'at has to set a' thing richt, come to ken what was wrang?"

"That is not a bad remark, Joseph," replied the laird, with woolly condescension. "Pray acquaint me with the whole matter."

"I hae naething till acquant yer honor wi' sir, but the ting-a-ling o' tongues," replied Joseph; "an' ye'll hae till arreenge't like, till yer ain satisfaction."

Therewith he proceeded to report what he had heard reported, which was in the main the truth, considerably exaggerated—that the work of the house was done over night by invisible hands—and the work of the stables too; but that in the latter, cantrips were played as well; that some of the men talked of leaving the place; and that Mr. Duff's own horse, Snowball, was nearly out of his mind with fear.

The laird clenched his teeth, and for a whole minute said nothing. Here were either his old enemies again, or some who had heard the old story, and in their turn were beating the drum of consternation in the ears of superstition.

"It is one of the men themselves," he said at last, with outward frigidity. "Or some ill-designed neighbor," he added. "But I shall soon be at the bottom of it. Go to the Mains at once, Joseph, and ask young Fergus Duff to be so good as step over, as soon as he conveniently can."

Fergus was pleased enough to be sent for by the laird, and soon told him all he knew from his aunt and the men, confessing that he had himself been too lazy of a morning to take any steps towards personal acquaintance with the facts, but adding that, as Mr. Galbraith took an interest in the matter, he would be only too happy to carry out any suggestion he might think proper to make on the subject.

"Fergus," returned the laird, "do you imagine things inanimate can of themselves change their relations in space? In other words, are the utensils in your kitchen endowed with powers of locomotion? Can they take to themselves wings and fly? Or to use a figure more to the point, are they provided with the members necessary to the washing of their own—*persons*, shall I say? Answer me those points, Fergus."

"Certainly not, sir," answered Fergus solemnly, for the laird's face was solemn, and his speech was very solemn.

"Then, Fergus, let me assure you, that to discover by what agency these apparent wonders are effected, you have merely to watch. If you fail, I will myself come to your assistance. Depend upon it, the thing when explained will prove simplicity itself."

Fergus at once undertook to watch, but went home not quite so comfortable as he had gone; for he did not altogether, notwithstanding his unbelief in the so-called supernatural, relish the approaching situation. Belief and unbelief are not always quite plainly distinguishable from each other, and Fear is not always certain which of them is his mother. He was not the less resolved, however, to carry out what he had undertaken—that was, to sit up all night, if necessary, in order to have an interview with the extravagant and erring—spirit, surely, whether embodied or not, that dared thus wrong "domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood," by doing people's work for them unbidden. Not even to himself did he confess that he felt frightened, for he was a youth of nearly eighteen; but he could not quite hide from himself the fact that he anticipated no pleasure in the duty which lay before him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE AMBUSH.

FOR more reasons than one, Fergus judged it prudent to tell not even auntie Jean of his intention; but, waiting until the house was quiet, stole softly from his room and repaired to the kitchen—at the other end of the long straggling house, where he sat down, and taking his book, an annual of the beginning of the century, began to read the story of *Kathed and Eurlia*.* Having finished it, he read another. He read and read, but no brownie

* I should be greatly obliged to any of my readers who would tell me where to find this fragment.

came. His candle burned into the socket. He lighted another, and read again. Still no brownie appeared, and, hard and straight as was the wooden chair on which he sat, he began to doze. Presently he started wide awake, fancying he heard a noise; but nothing was there. He raised his book once more, and read until he had finished the stories in it: for the verse he had no inclination that night. As soon as they were all consumed, he began to feel very *eerie*: his courage had been sheltering itself behind his thoughts, which the tales he had been reading had kept turned away from the object of dread. Still deeper and deeper grew the night around him, until the bare, soulless waste of it came at last, when a brave man might welcome any ghost for the life it would bring. And ever as it came, the tide of fear flowed more rapidly, until at last it rose over his heart, and threatened to stifle him. The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more. In this Fergus had not yet deserved to be successful. That kind of victory comes only of faith. Still, he did not fly the field; he was no coward. At the same time, prizing courage, scorning fear, and indeed disbelieving in every nocturnal object of terror except robbers, he came at last to such an all but abandonment of dread, that he dared not look over his shoulder, lest he should see the brownie standing at his back: he would rather be seized from behind and strangled in his hairy grasp, than turn and die of the seeing. The night was dark — no moon and many clouds. Not a sound came from the close. The cattle, the horses, the pigs, the cocks and hens, the very cats and rats seemed asleep. There was not a rustle in the thatch, a creak in the couples. It was well, for the slightest noise would have brought his heart into his mouth, and he would have been in great danger of scaring the household, and forever disgracing himself, with a shriek. Yet he longed to hear something stir. Oh! for the stamp of a horse from the stable or the low of a cow from the byre! But they were all under the brownie's spell, and he was coming — toeless feet, and thumbed but fingerless hands! as if he was made with stockings and *hum'le mittens*! Was it the want of toes that made him able to come and go so quietly? — Another hour crept by; when lo, a mighty sun-trumpet blew in the throat of the black cock! Fergus sprang to his feet with the start it gave him — but the next moment gladness

rushed up in his heart: the morning was on its way! and, foe to superstition as he was, and much as he had mocked at Donal for what he counted some of his tendencies in that direction, he began instantly to comfort himself with the old belief that all things of the darkness flee from the crowing of the cock. The same moment his courage began to return, and the next he was laughing at his terrors, more foolish than when he felt them, seeing he was the same man of fear as before, and the same circumstances would wrap him in the same garment of dire apprehension. In his folly he imagined himself quite ready to watch the next night without even repugnance — for it was the morning, not the night, that came first!

When the gray of the dawn appeared, he said to himself he would lie down on the bench a while, he was so tired of sitting; he would not sleep. He lay down, and in a moment was asleep. The light grew and grew, and the brownie came — a different brownie indeed from the one he had pictured — with the daintiest-shaped hands and feet coming out of the midst of rags, and with no hair except roughly parted curls over the face of the cherub — for the combing of Snowball's mane and tail had taught Gibbie to use the same comb upon his own thatch. But as soon as he opened the door of the dairy, he was warned by the loud breathing of the sleeper, and looking about, espied him on the bench behind the table, and swiftly retreated. The same instant Fergus woke, stretched himself, saw it was broad daylight, and, with his brain muddled by fatigue and sleep combined, crawled shivering to bed. Then in came the brownie again; and when Jean Mavor entered, there was her work done as usual.

Fergus was hours late for breakfast, and when he went into the common room, found his aunt alone there.

"Weel, auntie," he said, "I think I fleggit yer broonie!"

"Did ye that, man? Ay! — An' syne ye set tee, an' did the wark yersel', to save yer auntie Jean's auld banes?"

"Na, na! I was over tired for that. Sae wad ye hae been yersel', gien ye had sitten up a' nicht."

"Wha did it than?"

"Ow, jist yersel', I'm thinkin', auntie."

"Never a finger o' mine was laid till't, Fergus. Gien ye fleggit ae broonie, anither cam; for there's the wark dene, the same's ever!"

"Damn the cratur!" cried Fergus.

"Whisht, whisht, laddie! he's maybe

hearin' ye this meenute. An' gien he binna, there's ane 'at is, an' likesna sweirin'."

"I beg yer pardon, auntie, but it's jist provokin'!" returned Fergus, and therewith recounted the tale of his night's watch, omitting mention only of his feelings throughout the vigil.

As soon as he had had his breakfast, he went to carry his report to Glashruach.

The laird was vexed, and told him he must sleep well before night, and watch to better purpose.

The next night, Fergus's terror returned in full force; but he watched thoroughly notwithstanding, and when his aunt entered, she found him there, and her kitchen in a mess. He had caught no brownie, it was true, but neither had a stroke of her work been done. The floor was unswept; not a dish had been washed; it was churning-day, but the cream stood in the jar in the dairy, not the butter in the pan on the kitchen-dresser. Jean could not quite see the good or the gain of it. She had begun to feel like a lady, she said to herself, and now she must tuck up her sleeves and set to work as before. It was a come-down in the world, and she did not like it. She conned her nephew little thanks, and not being in the habit of dissembling, let him feel the same. He crept to bed rather mortified. When he woke from a long sleep, he found no meal waiting him, and had to content himself with cakes* and milk before setting out for the "Muckle Hoose."

"You must add cunning to courage, my young friend," said Mr. Galbraith; and the result of their conference was that Fergus went home resolved on yet another attempt.

He felt much inclined to associate Donal with him in his watch this time, but was too desirous of proving his courage both to himself and to the world, to yield to the suggestion of his fear. He went to bed with a book immediately after the noon-day meal, and rose in time for supper.

There was a large wooden press in the kitchen standing out from the wall; this with the next wall made a little recess, in which there was just room for a chair;

* It amuses a Scotchman to find that the word *cakes* as in "*The Land of Cakes*," is taken, not only by foreigners, but by some English people—as how, indeed, should it be otherwise?—to mean compositions of flour, more or less enriched, and generally appreciable; whereas, in fact, it stands for the dryest, simplest preparation in the world. The genuine cakes *is*—(My grammar follows usage: cakes *is*; broth *are*.)—literally nothing but oatmeal, made into a dough with cold water and dried over the fire—sometimes then in front of it as well.

and in that recess Fergus seated himself, in the easiest chair he could get into it. He then opened wide the door of the press, and it covered him entirely.

This night would have been the dreariest of all for him, the laird having insisted that he should watch in the dark, had he not speedily fallen fast asleep, and slept all night—so well that he woke at the first noise Gibbie made.

It was broad clear morning, but his heart beat so loud and fast with apprehension and curiosity mingled, that for a few moments Fergus dared not stir, but sat listening breathlessly to the movement beside him, none the less appalling that it was so quiet. Recovering himself a little he cautiously moved the door of the press, and peeped out.

He saw nothing so frightful as he had, in spite of himself, anticipated, but was not therefore, perhaps, the less astonished. The dread brownie of his idea shrunk to a tiny ragged urchin, with a wonderful head of hair, azure eyes, and deft hands, noiselessly bustling about on bare feet. He watched him at his leisure, watched him keenly, assured that any moment he could spring upon him.

As he watched, his wonder sank, and he grew disappointed at the collapsing of the lubber fiend into a poor half-naked child, upon whom both his courage and his fear had been wasted. As he continued to watch, an evil cloud of anger at the presumption of the unknown minimus began to gather in his mental atmosphere, and was probably the cause of some movement by which his chair gave a loud creak. Without even looking round, Gibbie darted into the dairy, and shut the door. Instantly Fergus was after him, but only in time to see the vanishing of his last heel through the hole in the wall, and that way Fergus was much too large to follow him. He rushed from the house, and across the corner of the yard to the barn-door. Gibbie, who did not believe he had been seen, stood laughing on the floor, when suddenly he heard the key entering the lock. He bolted through the cat-hole—but again just one moment too late, leaving behind him on Fergus's retina the light from the soles of two bare feet. The key of the door to the rick-yard was inside, and Fergus was after him in a moment, but the ricks came close to the barn-door, and the next he saw of him was the fluttering of his rags in the wind, and the flashing of his white skin in the sun, as he fled across the clover field; and before Fergus was over the wall, Gibbie was a good way

ahead towards the Lorrie. Gibbie was a better runner for his size than Fergus, and in better training too; but, alas! Fergus's legs were nearly twice as long as Gibbie's. The little one reached the Lorrie first, and dashing across it, ran up the side of the Glashburn, with a vague idea of Glashgar in his head. Fergus behind him was growing more and more angry as he gained upon him but felt his breath failing him. Just at the bridge to the iron gate to Glashruach, he caught him at last, and sunk on the parapet exhausted. The smile with which Gibbie, too much out of breath to laugh, confessed himself vanquished, would have disarmed one harder-hearted than Fergus, had he not lost his temper in the dread of losing his labor; and the answer Gibbie received to his smile was a box on the ear that bewildered him. He looked pitifully in his captor's face, the smile not yet faded from his, only to receive a box on the other ear, which, though a contrary and similar both at once, was not a cure, and the water gathered in his eyes. Fergus, a little eased in his temper by the infliction, and in his breath by the wall of the bridge, began to ply him with questions; but no answer following, his wrath rose again, and again he boxed both his ears — without better result.

Then came the question what he was to do with the redoubted brownie, now that he had him. He was ashamed to show himself as the captor of such a miserable culprit, but the little rascal deserved punishment, and the laird would require him at his hands. He turned upon his prisoner and told him he was an impudent rascal. Gibbie had recovered again, and was able once more to smile a little. He had been guilty of burglary, said Fergus; and Gibbie smiled. He could be sent to prison for it, said Fergus; and Gibbie smiled — but this time a very grave smile. Fergus took him by the collar, which amounted to nearly a third part of the jacket, and shook him till he had half torn that third from the other two; then opened the gate, and, holding him by the back of the neck, walked him up the drive, every now and then giving him a fierce shake that jarred his teeth. Thus, over the old gravel, mossy and damp and grassy, and cool to his little bare feet, between rowan and birk and pine and larch, like a malefactor, and looking every inch the outcast he was, did Sir Gilbert Galbraith approach the house of his ancestors for the first time. Individually, wee Gibbie was anything but a prodigal; it had never been possible to him to be one; but none the

less was he the type and result and representative of his prodigal race, in him now once more looking upon the house they had lost by their vices and weaknesses, and in him now beginning to reap the benefits of punishment. But of vice and loss, of house and fathers and punishment, Gibbie had no smallest cognition. His history was about him and in him, yet of it all he suspected nothing. It would have made little difference to him if he had known it all; he would none the less have accepted everything that came, just as part of the story in which he found himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PUNISHMENT.

THE house he was approaching had a little the look of a prison. Of the more ancient portion the windows were very small, and every corner had a turret with a conical cap-roof. That part was all rough-cast, therefore gray, as if with age. The more modern part was built of all kinds of hard stone, roughly cloven or blasted from the mountain and its boulders. Granite red and grey, blue whinstone, yellow ironstone, were all mingled anyhow, fitness of size and shape alone regarded in their conjunctions; but the result as to color was rather pleasing than otherwise, and Gibbie regarded it with some admiration. Nor, although he had received from Fergus such convincing proof that he was regarded as a culprit, had he any dread of evil awaiting him. The highest embodiment of the law with which he had acquaintance was the police, and from not one of them in all the city had he ever had a harsh word; his conscience was as void of offence as ever it had been, and the law consequently, notwithstanding the threats of Fergus, had for him no terrors.

The laird was an early riser, and therefore regarded the mere getting up early as a virtue, altogether irrespective of how the time, thus redeemed, as he called it, was spent. This morning, as it turned out, it would have been better spent in sleep. He was talking to his gamekeeper, a heavy-browed man, by the coach-house door, when Fergus appeared, holding the dwindled brownie by the huge collar of his tatters. A more innocent-looking malefactor sure never appeared before awful Justice! Only he was in rags, and there are others besides dogs whose judgments go by appearance. Mr. Galbraith was one of them, and smiled a grim, an ugly smile.

"So this is your vaunted brownie, Mr.

Duff!" he said, and stood looking down upon Gibbie, as if in his small person he saw superstition at the point of death, mocked thither by the arrows of his contemptuous wit.

"It's all the brownie I could lay hands on, sir," answered Fergus. "I took him in the act."

"Boy," said the laird, rolling his eyes, more unsteady than usual with indignation, in the direction of Gibbie, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Gibbie had no say — and nothing to say that his questioner could either have understood or believed: the truth from his lips would but have presented him a lying hypocrite to the wisdom of his judge. As it was, he smiled, looking up fearless in the face of the magistrate, so awful in his own esteem.

"What is your name?" asked the laird, speaking yet more sternly.

Gibbie still smiled and was silent, looking straight in his questioner's eyes. He dreaded nothing from the laird. Fergus had beaten him, but Fergus he classed with the bigger boys who had occasionally treated him roughly; this was a man, and men, except they were foreign sailors, or drunk, were never unkind. He had no idea of his silence causing annoyance. Everybody in the city had known he could not answer; and now when Fergus and the laird persisted in questioning him, he thought they were making kindly game of him, and smiled the more. Nor was there much about Mr. Galbraith to rouse a suspicion of the contrary; for he made a great virtue of keeping his temper when most he caused other people to lose theirs.

"I see the young vagabond is as impertinent as he is vicious," he said at last, finding that to no interrogation could he draw forth any other response than a smile.

"Here, Angus," — and he turned to the gamekeeper — "take him into the coach-house, and teach him a little behavior. A touch or two of the whip will find his tongue for him."

Angus seized the little gentleman by the neck, as if he had been a polecat, and at arm's length walked him unresistingly into the coach-house. There, with one vigorous tug, he tore the jacket from his back, and his only other garment, dependent thereupon by some device known only to Gibbie, fell from him, and he stood in helpless nakedness, smiling still: he had never done anything shameful, therefore had no acquaintance with shame. But when the scowling keeper, to whom poverty was first cousin to poaching, and who hated tramps

as he hated vermin, approached him with a heavy cart whip in his hand, he cast his eyes down at his white sides, very white between his brown arms and brown legs, and then lifted them in a mute appeal, which somehow looked as if it were for somebody else, against what he could no longer fail to perceive the man's intent. But he had no notion of what the thing threatened amounted to. He had had few hard blows in his time, and had never felt a whip.

"Ye deil's glaur!" cried the fellow, clenching the cruel teeth of one who loved not his brother, "I s' lat ye ken what comes o' brakin' into honest hooses, an takin' what's no yer ain!"

A vision of the gnawed cheese, which he had never touched since the idea of its being property awoke in him, rose before Gibbie's mental eyes, and inwardly he bowed to the punishment. But the look he had fixed on Angus was not without effect, for the man was a father, though a severe one, and was not all a brute: he turned and changed the cart whip for a gig one with a broken shaft, which lay near. It was well for himself that he did so, for the other would probably have killed Gibbie. When the blow fell the child shivered all over, his face turned white, and without uttering even a moan, he doubled up and dropped senseless. A swollen cincture, like a red snake, had risen all round his waist, and from one spot in it the blood was oozing. It looked as if the lash had cut him in two.

The blow had stung his heart and it had ceased to beat. But the gamekeeper understood vagrants! the young blackguard was only shamming!

"Up wi' ye, ye deevil! or I s' gar ye," he said from between his teeth, lifting the whip for a second blow.

Just as the stroke fell, marking him from the nape all down the spine, so that he now bore upon his back in red the sign the ass carries in black, a piercing shriek assailed Angus's ears, and his arm, which had mechanically raised itself for a third blow, hung arrested.

The same moment, in at the coach-house door shot Ginevra, as white as Gibbie. She darted to where he lay, and there stood over him, arms rigid and hands clenched hard, shivering as he had shivered, and sending from her body shriek after shriek, as if her very soul were the breath of which her cries were fashioned. It was as if the woman's heart in her felt its roots torn from their home in the bosom of God, and quivering

in agony, and confronted by the stare of an eternal impossibility, shrieked against Satan.

"Gang awa, missy," cried Angus, who had respect to this child, though he had not yet learned to respect childhood; "he's a coorse cratur, an' maun hae's whups."

But Ginevra was deaf to his evil charming. She stopped her cries, however, to help Gibbie up, and took one of his hands to raise him. But his arm hung limp and motionless; she let it go; it dropped like a stick, and again she began to shriek. Angus laid his hand on her shoulder. She turned on him, and opening her mouth wide, screamed at him like a wild animal, with all the hatred of mingled love and fear; then threw herself on the boy, and covered his body with her own. Angus, stooping to remove her, saw Gibbie's face, and became uncomfortable.

"He's deid! he's deid! Ye've kilt him, Angus! Ye're an ill man!" she cried fiercely. "I hate ye. I'll tell on ye. I'll tell my papa."

"Hoot! whisht, missie!" said Angus. "It was by yer papa's ain orders I gae him the whup, an' he weel deserved it forby. An' gien ye dinna gang awa, an' be a guid yoong leddy, I'll gie 'im mair yet."

"I'll tell God," shrieked Ginevra, with fresh energy of defensive love and wrath.

Again he sought to remove her, but she clung so, with both legs and arms, to the insensible Gibbie, that he could but lift both together, and had to leave her alone.

"Gien ye daur to touch 'im again, Angus, I'll bite ye — *bite ye* — BITE YE," she screamed, in a passage wildly crescendo.

The laird and Fergus had walked away together, perhaps neither of them quite comfortable at the orders given, but the one too self-sufficient to recall them, and the other too submissive to interfere. They heard the cries, nevertheless, and had they known them for Ginevra's, would have rushed to the spot; but fierce emotion had so utterly changed her voice — and indeed she had never in her life cried out before — that they took them for Gibbie's, and supposed the whip had had the desired effect and loosed his tongue. As to the rest of the household, which would by this time have been all gathered in the coach-house, the laird had taken his stand where he could intercept them: he would not have the execution of the decrees of justice interfered with.

But Ginevra's shrieks brought Gibbie to himself. Faintly he opened his eyes, and stared, stupid with growing pain, at the tear-blurred face beside him. In the con-

fusion of his thoughts he fancied the pain he felt was Ginevra's, not his, and sought to comfort her, stroking her cheek with feeble hand, and putting up his mouth to kiss her. But Angus, scandalized at the proceeding, and restored to energy by seeing the boy was alive, caught her up suddenly and carried her off — struggling, writhing, and scratching like a cat. Indeed she bit his arm, and that severely, but the man never even told his wife. Little Missie was a queen, and little Gibbie was vermin, but he was ashamed to let the mother of his children know that the former had bitten him for the sake of the latter.

The moment she thus disappeared, Gibbie began to apprehend that she was suffering for him, not he for her. His whole body bore testimony to frightful abuse. This was some horrible place inhabited by men such as those that killed Sambo! He must fly. But would they hurt the little girl? He thought not — she was at home. He started to spring to his feet, but fell back almost powerless; then tried more cautiously and got up wearily, for the pain and the terrible shock seemed to have taken the strength out of every limb. Once on his feet, he could scarcely stoop to pick up his remnant of trowsers without again falling, and the effort made him groan with distress. He was in the act of trying in vain to stand on one foot, so as to get the other into the garment, when he fancied he heard the step of his executioner, returning doubtless to resume his torture. He dropped the rag, and darted out of the door, forgetting aches and stiffness and agony. All naked as he was, he fled like the wind, unseen, or at least unrecognized, of any eye. Fergus did catch a glimpse of something white that flashed across a vista through the neighboring wood, but he took it for a white peacock, of which there were two or three about the place. The two men were disgusted with the little wretch when they found that he had actually fled into the open day without his clothes. Poor Gibbie! it was such a small difference! It needed as little change to make a savage as an angel of him. All depended on the eyes that saw him.

He ran he knew not whither, feeling nothing but the desire first to get into some covert, and then to run farther. His first rush was for the shrubbery, his next across the little park to the wood beyond. He did not feel the wind of his running on his bare skin. He did not feel the hunger that had made him so unable to bear the lash. On and on he ran, fancying ever he

heard the cruel Angus behind him. If a dry twig snapped, he thought it was the crack of the whip; and a small wind that rose suddenly in the top of a pine, seemed the hiss with which it was about to descend upon him. He ran and ran, but still there seemed nothing between him and his persecutors. He felt no safety. At length he came where a high wall joining some water, formed a boundary. The water was a brook from the mountain, here widened and deepened into a still pool. He had been once out of his depth before: he threw himself in, and swam straight across: ever after that, swimming seemed to him as natural as walking.

Then first awoke a faint sense of safety; for on the other side he was knee deep in heather. He was on the wild hill, with miles on miles of cover! Here the unman could not catch him. It must be the same that Donal pointed out to him one day at a distance; he had a gun, and Donal said he had once shot a poacher and killed him. He did not know what a poacher was: perhaps he was one himself, and the man would shoot him. They could see him quite well from the other side! he must cross the knoll first, and then he might lie down and rest. He would get right into the heather, and lie with it all round and over him till the night came. Where he would go then, he did not know. But it was all one; he could go anywhere. Donal must mind his cows, and the men must mind the horses, and Mistress Jean must mind her kitchen, but Sir Gibbie could go where he pleased. He would go up Daur-side; but he would not go just at once; that man might be on the lookout for him, and he wouldn't like to be shot. People who were shot lay still, and were put into holes in the earth, and covered up, and he would not like that.

Thus he communed with himself as he went over the knoll. On the other side he chose a tall patch of heather, and crept under. How nice and warm and kind the heather felt, though it did hurt the weals dreadfully sometimes. If he only had something to cover just them! There seemed to be one down his back as well as round his waist!

And now Sir Gibbie, though not much poorer than he had been, really possessed nothing separable, except his hair and his nails—neither therefore that he could call *his*, as distinguished from *him*. His sole other possession was a negative quantity—his hunger, namely, for he had not even a meal in his body: he had eaten nothing since the preceding noon. I am

wrong—he had one possession besides, though hardly a separable one—a ballad about a fair lady and her page, which Donal had taught him. That he now began to repeat to himself, but was disappointed to find it a good deal withered. He was not nearly reduced to extremity yet though—this little heir of the world: in his body he had splendid health, in his heart a great courage, and in his soul an ever throbbing love. It was his love to the very image of man, that made the horror of the treatment he had received. Angus was and was not a man! After all, Gibbie was still one to be regarded with holy envy.

Poor Ginny was sent to bed for interfering with her father's orders; and what with rage and horror and pity, an inexplicable feeling of hopelessness took possession of her, while her affection for her father was greatly, perhaps for this world irretrievably injured by that morning's experience; a something remained that never passed from her, and that something, as often as it stirred, rose between him and her.

Fergus told his aunt what had taken place, and made much game of her brownie. But the more Jean thought about the affair the less she liked it. It was she upon whom it all came! What did it matter who or what her brownie was? And what had they whipped the creature for? What harm had he done? If indeed he was a little ragged urchin, the thing was only the more inexplicable! He had taken nothing! She had never missed so much as a barley scone! The cream had always brought her the right quantity of butter! Not even a bannock, so far as she knew, was ever gone from the press, or an egg from the bossie where they lay heaped! There was more in it than she could understand! Her nephew's mighty feat, so far from explaining anything, had only sealed up the mystery! She could not help cherishing a shadowy hope that, when things had grown quiet, he would again reveal his presence by his work, if not by his visible person. It was mortifying to think that he had gone as he came, and she never set eyes upon him. But Fergus's account of his disappearance had also, in her judgment, a decided element of the marvellous in it. She was strongly inclined to believe that the brownie had cast a glamor over him and the laird and Angus, all three, and had been making game of them for his own amusement. Indeed Daur-side generally refused the explanation of the brownie presented for its acceptance, and the laird scored noth-

ing against the arch-enemy Superstition.

Donal Grant, missing his "cratur" that day for the first time, heard enough when he came home to satisfy him that he had been acting the brownie in the house and the stable as well as in the field, incredible as it might well appear that such a child should have had even mere strength for what he did. Then first also, after he had thus lost him, he began to understand his worth, and to see how much he owed him. While he had imagined himself kind to the urchin, the urchin had been laying him under endless obligation. For he left him with ever so much more in his brains than when he came. This book and that, through his aid, he had read thoroughly; a score or so of propositions had been added to his stock in Euclid; he had even made one or two somethings more like ballads than any former attempts. His first feeling about the child revived as he pondered — namely that he was not of this world. But even then Donal did not know the best Gibbie had done for him. He did not know of what far deeper and better things he had, through his gentleness, his trust, his loving service, his absolute unselfishness, sown the seeds in his mind. On the other hand, Donal had in return done more for Gibbie than he knew, though what he had done for him, namely, shared his dinners with him, had been less of a gift than he thought, and Donal had rather been sharing in Gibbie's dinner than Gibbie in Donal's.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

I NEVER understood till I travelled with French people why French hotels should be so bad; but the reason is to be found in the amiability, *laissez faire* — call by what name we will — that characteristic which so eminently distinguishes our neighbors on the other side of La Manche. We English perpetually travel, growl and grumble at discomforts as we go, till, by force of persistent fault-finding, we gradually bring about a reformation in hotels and travelling accommodation generally; whereas the French, partly from a dislike to making themselves disagreeable, and partly from the feeling that they are not likely to go over the same ground again, leave things as they find them, to the great disadvantage of those who follow. The French, indeed, travel so little for

mere pleasure, that whenever they do so they think it useless to make a fuss about what seems to them part and parcel of the journey. Thus it happens that whenever you go off the beaten tracks in France you find the hotels as bad as they can well be; and your French fellow-traveller takes the dirt, noise, and discomfort generally, much as a matter of course. I am sorry that I can say little for the hotels we found throughout our four days' drive in the most romantic scenery of the Doubs; for the people are so amiable, obliging, and more, than moderate in their charges, that one feels inclined to forgive anything. Truth must be told, however, and so, for once and for all, I will only add that the tourist must here be prepared for the worst in the matter of accommodation, whilst too much praise cannot be accorded to the general desire to please and absolute incapacity of these good people to impose on strangers. It must also be explained that as the mere tourist is a rare phenomenon in these remote parts, the hotels are not arranged in order to meet his wants, but those of the *commis voyageurs* or commercial traveller, who is the chief and best customer of innkeepers all over the country. You meet no one else at the *table d'hôte* but the *commis voyageurs*, and it must not be supposed that they are in any way objectionable company. They quietly sit out the various courses, then retire to the billiard room, and they are particularly polite to ladies. Throughout this journey we were on the borders of Switzerland, the thinnest possible partition dividing the land of cleanliness, order, and first-rate accommodation from that of discomfort; yet so rigid is the line of demarcation that no sooner do you put foot on Swiss ground than you find the difference. Quite naturally English travellers keep on the other side of the border, and only a stray one now and then crosses over from the land of cleanliness to the land of dirt.

Our little *calèche* and horse left much to desire, but the good qualities of our driver made up for everything. He was a fine old man, with a face worthy of a Roman emperor, and having driven all over the country for thirty years, knew it well, and found friends everywhere. Although wearing a blue cotton blouse, he was in the best sense of the word a gentleman, and if we were somewhat astonished to find him seated opposite to us at our *table d'hôte* breakfast, we soon saw that he well deserved the respect showed him: quiet, polite, dignified, he was the last per-

son in the world to abuse his privileges, never dreaming of familiarity. The extreme politeness shown towards the working-classes here by all in a superior social station doubtless accounts for the good manners we find among them. My fellow-traveller, the widow of a French officer, never dreamed of accosting our good Eugène without the preliminary *mon-sieur*, and did not feel at all aggrieved at having him for her *vis-à-vis* at dinner. Eugène, like the greater part of his fellow-countrymen, is proud and economical, and in order not to become dependent upon his children or charity in his old age, had already with his savings bought a house and garden. It is impossible to give any idea of the thrift and laboriousness of the better order of working-classes here.

Soon after quitting Montbéliard we began to ascend, and for the rest of the day were climbing, gradually exchanging the region of cornfield and vineyard for that of the pine. From Montbéliard to St. Hippolyte is a superb drive of about five hours, amid wild gorges, grandiose rocks that have here taken every imaginable form—rampart, citadel, fortress, tower, all trellised and tasselled with the brightest green, and mountain valleys, here called *combes*, delicious little emerald islands shut in by towering heights on every side. The mingled wildness and beauty of the scenery reach their culminating point at St. Hippolyte, a pretty little town with a picturesque church superbly situated at the foot of three mountain gorges and the confluence of the Doubs with the Dessoubre, the latter river here turning off in the direction of Fuans. Here we halt for breakfast, and in two hours' time are again ascending, looking down from a tremendous height at the town so incomparably situated in the very heart of these solitary passes and ravines. The road is a wonderful achievement, curling as it does around what below appear unapproachable precipices, and from the beginning of our journey to the end we never ceased to admire it. This famous road was constructed, with many others, in Louis Philippe's time, and must have done great things for the progress of the country. Excepting an isolated little chalet here and there, and an occasional diligence or band of *cantonniers*, all is solitary; and the solitariness and grandeur increase as we leave the region of rocks and ravines to enter that of the pine, still getting higher and higher. From St. Hippolyte to our next halting-place, Maïche, the road only quits one pine forest to

enter another, our way now being perfectly deserted, no herdsman's hut in sight, no sound of bird or animal, nothing to break the silence. Some of these trees are of great height, their sombre foliage at this season of the year being relieved by an abundance of light-brown cones, which give them the appearance of gigantic Christmas trees hung with golden gifts. Glorious as is the scenery we had lately passed—hoary rocks clothed with richest green, verdant slopes, valleys, and mountain-sides all glowing in the sunshine—the majestic gloom and isolation of these pine forests appeal more to the imagination and fill the mind with deeper delight. Next to the sea, the pine forest, to my thinking, is the sublimest of nature's handiwork. Nothing can lessen, nothing can enlarge, such grandeur. Sea and pine forest are the same, alike in thunder-cloud or under a serene sky, summer and winter; lightning and rainbow can hardly add by a hairbreadth to the profundity of the impression they produce.

Maïche might conveniently be made a summer resort, and I can fancy nothing more healthy and pleasanter than such a sojourn amid these fragrant pines. The hotel, too, from what we saw of it, pleased us greatly, and the landlady, like most of the people we have to do with in these parts, is all kindness, obligingness, and good-nature. In large cities and cosmopolitan hotels a traveller is No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be, and nothing more. Here host and hostess interest themselves in all their visitors and regard them as human beings. The charges, moreover, are so trifling that in undertaking a journey of this kind, hotel expenses need hardly count at all. The real cost is the carriage.

From Maïche to Le Russey—our halting-place for the night—is a distance of three hours only, during which we are still in the pine-woods. Le Russey possesses no attractions except a quaint and highly artistic monument to the memory of one of her children, a certain Jesuit missionary, whose imposing statue, cross in hand, is conspicuously placed above the public fountain. We cannot have too many of these local monuments, unfortunately rarer in England than in France. They lend character to provincial towns and keep up a spirit of patriotism and emulation among the people. This little town of Le Russey should, if possible, be halted at for an hour or two only; the hotels are dirty and uncomfortable, and we fared worse there than I ever remember to have fared

in France; which is saying a good deal. Next morning we were off at eight o'clock to Morteau, our road, now for the most part level, leading us through very different scenery from that of the day before, monotonous open country, mostly pasturage, with lines of pine and fir against the horizon, in many places mere rocky wastes, hardly affording scant herbage for the cattle. Much of this scenery reminded me of the Fell district and north Wales. But by degrees we entered a far more interesting region. We were now close to Switzerland, and the landscape already wore a Swiss look.

There is nothing prettier in a quiet way than this border-land of France and Switzerland, which we reach after a long stretch of rather dreary country. Grace without severity, beauty without sombreness, characterize these pastoral hills and dales, alive with the tinkling of cattle bells and pleasantly diversified with villages scattered here and there, a church spire rising above the broad-roofed Swiss-like wooden houses. On every side are wide stretches of undulating green pasture, in some places shut in by pine-clad ridges, in others by smiling green hills, clusters of white-washed houses being perched terrace-wise alongside. We have seen little that can be called farming in our way, but here we find patches of wheat and rye still too green to cut, also bits of beet-root, maize, hemp, and potatoes; the chief produce of these parts is, of course, that of the dairy, the "*beurre de montagne*" being famous in these parts. Throughout our journey we have never lost sight of the service-berry tree, the road from Maiche to Morteau is indeed planted with them, and nothing can be handsomer than the clusters of bright red, coral-like berries we have on every side. The hedges show also the crimson-tasselled fruit of the barberry, no less ornamental than the service-berry tree. It is evident the greatest possible care is taken with these wayside plantations, and in a few years' time the road will present the appearance of a boulevard. At La Chenalotte, a hamlet halfway between Le Russey and Morteau, enterprising pedestrians may alight and take a two hours' walk by a mountain path to the falls of the river Doubs, from which river the department takes its name; but as the roads are very bad on account of the late heavy rains, we prefer to drive on to the little hamlet called Les Pargots, beyond Morteau, and thence reach the falls by means of a boat, traversing the Lake of Les Brenets and the basins of Le

Doubs. The little Swiss village of Les Brenets is coquettishly perched on a green hill commanding the lake, and we are now indeed on Swiss ground, being within a few miles of Chaux de Fonds, and only a short railway journey from Neufchatel and Pontarlier.

We trust ourselves to the care of an experienced boatwoman, and are soon in a fairy-like scene — a vast sheet of limpid water surrounded by verdant ridges, amid which peep chalets here and there, velvety pastures sloping down to the water's edge; all is tenderness, loveliness, and grace. As we glide from the lake to the basins, the scenery takes a severer character, and there is sublimity in these gigantic walls of rock rising sheer from the silvery sheets of water, each successive one seeming to us more beautiful and romantic than the last. Perfect solitude reigns here, for so precipitous and steep are these fortress-like rocks that there is no "coigne of vantage" even for the mountain goat, not the tiniest path from summit to base, no single break in the shelving masses, some of which take the weirdest forms. Seen, as we first saw them, with a brilliant blue sky overhead, no shadow on the gold green verdure, these exquisite little lakes, twin pearls on a string, afford the daintiest, most delightful spectacle; but a leaden sky and a driving wind turn this scene of enchantment into gloom and monotony, as we find on our way back.

The serene beauty of the lake and the imposing aspect of these rock-shut basins give an ascending scale of beauty, and the climax is reached when, having glided in and out from the first to the last, we alight, climb a mountain path, and below, far below, at our feet, amid a deafening roar, are the majestic falls of the Doubs.

These things are indescribable; but to come from the sublime to the ridiculous, I must advise future travellers not to follow our example — in respect of a woman boatman. The good woman who acted as guide to the falls could not hold her tongue for a single moment, and her loud inharmonious tittle-tattle put us in ill-humor for the rest of the day. When you make a long journey to see such a phenomenon as this, you should see it alone, or at least in perfect quiet. We had come opportunely for the falls, however, the enormous quantity of rain that had fallen within the last few weeks having greatly augmented their volume. It was as if no river, but a sea, were here leaping from its prison-house, rejoiced to clear its rocks, and have its own wild way. The profound impression

created by such a scene as this, to my thinking, lies chiefly in the striking contrasts we have before us: a vast eddy of snow-white foam, the very personification of impetuous movement, also of sparkling whiteness, with a background of pitchy black rock, still, immovable, changeless as the heavens above.

As we stood thus peering down at the silvery whirlpool and its sombre environment, we were bedewed with a light mist, spray sent upwards by the falling waters. Our female Cerberus gabbled on, and so to get rid of her we descended. There is a restaurant on the French, also on the Swiss side of the basin we had just crossed, and we chose the latter, not with particular success. Very little we got either to eat or drink, and a very long while we had to wait for it, but at last we had dined, and again embarked to cross the basins and lake. In the mean time the weather had entirely changed, and instead of a glowing blue sky and bright sun, we had lowering clouds and high winds, making our boatwoman's task difficult in the extreme. However, still gabbling on, she contrived to clear one little promontory after another, and when once out of the closely confined basins into the more open lake all was as easy as possible.

We found the Hôtel Gimbard at Morteau a vast improvement upon that of Le Russey, and woke up refreshed next morning, after having well supped and well slept, to find, alas! thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain the order of the day. Our programme was to turn off at Morteau in the direction of Fuans and the picturesque banks of the Dessoubre, reaching St. Hippolyte at night, but with great reluctance we had to give up this *détour*. From Morteau to St. Hippolyte is a day's journey only to be made by starting at eight in the morning, and there are not even decent wayside inns. So we patiently waited till the storm was over; and as by that time it was past midday, there was nothing to do but drive leisurely back to Mâiche. More fortunate travellers than ourselves in the matter of weather, however, are particularly recommended the other route. Mâiche is a good specimen of the large flourishing village or *bourg* found in these parts, and a greater contrast with those of Brittany cannot be conceived. There you find no upper or middle class element, no progress, little communication with the outer world, some of the towns even, St. Pol de Léon for instance, being literally asleep. Here all is life, bustle, and animation, and though we are

now amid a Catholic community, order and comparative cleanliness prevail. Some of the cottage gardens are quite charming, and handsome modern houses in large numbers denote the existence of rich *bourgeois* families, as is also the case in the villages near Montbéliard. The commune of Mâiche has large revenues, especially in forest lands, and we can thus account for the really magnificent *curé* and *presbytère*, the residence of the *curé*, also the imposing Hôtel de Ville, and new costly decorations of the church. There is evidently money for everything, and the *curé* of Mâiche must be a happy person, contrasting his position formally with that of his fellow-*curés* in the Protestant villages around Montbéliard. The down-hill drive from our airy eminence amid these pine forests was even more striking than our ascent had been two days before, and we naturally got over the ground in less than half the time. It is really a pity such delightful scenery should not be made more accessible to travellers by really first-rate inns. There are several at Mâiche, also at St. Hippolyte and Pont de Roide, but they are made for the *commis voyageur*, not the tourist. Yet there is a friendliness, a *bonhomie*, and a disinterestedness about these hotel-keepers, which would soon disappear were the department of Le Doubs turned into a little Switzerland. At the *table d'hôte* dinners the master of the house always presides and looks after his guests; waiters there are none; sometimes the plates are changed by the landlady, who also superintends the kitchen, sometimes by the landlord, sometimes by a guest, and shortcomings are made up for by general geniality and good-nature; every one knows every one, and the dinner is a meeting of old friends.

All this will soon be changed with the new line of railway leading from Besançon by way of Morteau into Switzerland, and future travellers will be able to see this beautiful country with very little fatigue. As yet Franche-Comté is a *terra incognita*, and the sight of an English tourist is of rarest occurrence. When we leave Pont de Roide we once more enter the regions of Protestantism, every village possessing its Protestant and Catholic church. The drive to Blamont is charming, a veritable bit of Devonshire, with green lanes, dells and glades, curling streams, and smooth green meadows. Blamont itself is most romantically situated, crowning a verdant mountain-side, its twin spires (Protestant and Catholic) rising conspicuously above the scattered villages, far above these the

mountain range of Lomont. We have all this time, be it remembered, been, geographically speaking, in the Jura, though departmentally in the Doubs, the succession of rock and mountain we have passed through forming part of the Jura range, which vanishes in the green slopes of Blamont. Both the Doubs and the Jura form part of the ancient province of Franche-Comté.

The next village, Glay, is hardly less picturesque; all the neighborhood indeed would afford charming excursions for the pedestrian. The rest of our drive lay through an open, fairly cultivated plain, with little manufacturing colonies thickly scattered among the rural population, in many cases the tall black chimneys spoiling the pastoralness of the scene.

It was with extreme regret I took farewell of the friendly little Protestant town of Montbéliard a few days later. I had entered it, a few weeks before, a stranger; I quitted it amid the good wishes, hand-clasps, and regretful farewells of a dozen kind friends. Two hours' railway journey through a beautiful country brought me to Besançon, where, as at Montbéliard, I received the warmest welcome, and felt at home at once. The hotels at Besançon have the reputation of being the worst throughout all France, but my kind friends would not permit me to try them. Instead, therefore, of becoming number two or four, as the case might be, in an enormous bustling hotel, I found myself amid all kinds of comforts, domesticities, and distractions, with delightful cicerones in my host and hostess, and charming little companions in their two children. This is, indeed, the poetry of travel; to travel from place to place provided with letters introductory which open hearts and doors at every stage, and make every halt the inauguration of a new friendship. I wish I could subjoin a pencil sketch illustrative of "How I Travelled through Franche-Comté," for my explorations of these picturesque regions were a succession of picnics; host and hostess, their English guest, Swiss nursemaid, and two little fair-haired boys, cosily packed in an open carriage; on the seat beside the driver stands a huge basket, suggestive of creature comforts, the neck of a wine-bottle and the spout of a teapot conspicuous above the other contents!

This is, indeed, the way I saw the beautiful valley of the Doubs, and not only the country round about Besançon, but the borderland of Switzerland and Savoy. The weather — we are in the first days of

September — is perfect; the children, aged respectively sixteen months and three years and odd, are the best little travellers in the world, always going to sleep when convenient to their elders, and at other times quietly enjoying the shifting landscape; in fact, there is nothing to mar our enjoyment of regions as lovely as any it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

In consequence of the bad character of the Besançon hotels, even French tourists seldom break their journey here; but on the opening of the new railway line into Switzerland by way of Besançon, Ornans, and Morteau, new and better hotels are sure to spring up. At present, wherever we go we never by any chance meet the ubiquitous English traveller with his "Murray;" and my friends here say that, during a several years' residence in Besançon, they have never yet seen such an apparition. Yet Franche-Comté, at present a *terra incognita* of tourists, abounds in all kinds of beauty; the sublime, the gracious, and the pastoral, rock, vast panorama, mountain and valley, all are here, and all as yet free from the track of the English and American tourists as the garden of Eden before Eve's trespass.

Besides these quieter beauties are some rare natural phenomena, such as the Glaciers de la Grâce Dieu, near Baume les Dames, and the famous Osselle Grottoes, both of which may be reached by railway. We preferred however, the open carriage, the basket, and the tea-pot, and accordingly set off for the latter one superb morning in the highest spirits, which nothing occurred to mar. Quitting the splendid mountain environment of Besançon, we drove for three hours amid the lovely valley of the Doubs, delighted at every bend of the road with some new feature in the landscape; then choosing a sheltered slope, we unpack our basket, and lunch *al fresco*, in the merriest spirits and with the heartiest appetites. Never surely did the renowned Besançon *pâtés* taste better, never did the wine of its warm hillsides possess a pleasanter flavor. The children sported over the turf like little Loves, the air was sweet with the perfume of new-made hay, the birds sang overhead, and beyond our immediate pavilion of greenery lay the curling blue river and smiling hills. Leaving the children to sleep under the trees, and the horse to feed at a neighboring mill — there is no kind of wayside inn here, so that we have to beg a little hay from the miller as a favor — we follow a lad provided with matches and candles to the entrance of the famous grottoes. Outside the sugarloaf

hill, so marvellously channelled and cased with stalactitic formation, has nothing remarkable. It is a mere green hill, and nothing more. Inside, however, as strange a spectacle meets our eyes as it is possible to conceive. To see these caves in detail you must spend an hour and a half in the bowels of the earth; but we were contented with half that time, for the underground promenade is a very chilly one, and in some places we were ankle-deep in water. Each being provided with a lighted candle, we followed our youthful guide, who was accompanied by a dog, as familiar as himself with the windings of these sombre subterraneous palaces, for palaces indeed they might be called. Sometimes these stalactite roofs are lofty, sometimes we have to bend our heads in order to pass from one vaulted chamber to another. Here we have a superb column supporting an arch, here a pillar in course of formation—everywhere the strangest, most fantastic architecture—architecture, moreover, that is the work of ages, one petrifying drop after another doing its apportioned work—column, arch, and roof being formed by a process so slow that the lifetime of a human being hardly counts in the calculation. There is something sublime in the steady persistence of nature, the undeviating march to a goal; and as we gaze upon the embryo stages of the petrification, stalagmite patiently lifting itself upward, stalactite as patiently bending down to the remote but inevitable union, we might almost fancy them sentient agents in the marvellous transformation. The stamens of a passion-flower do not more eagerly—as it seems—curl upwards to embrace the pistil, the beautiful pistillate flower of the *Vallisneria spiralis* does not more determinately seek its mate, than these crystal pendants covet union with their fellows below. Such perpetual bridal are accomplished after countless cycles of time, whilst meanwhile, in the sunlit world outside, the faces of whole continents are being changed, and entire civilizations are formed and overthrown.

The feeble light projected by our four candles in these gloomy yet majestic chambers was not so feeble as to obscure the insignificant names of hundreds of individuals scrawled here and there. Schopenhauer explains the foolish propensity of travellers thus to perpetuate their memories, as it seems to them. John Smith and Tom Brown, who scribble their names, whether inside the Kentucky caves or on the top of the Pyramids, imagine most

likely that so long as these remain their illustrious names will not be forgotten; and can only remember alike cave and Pyramids by means of such personal associations: they indeed are nothing, but the *ego*, the little self of John Smith and Tom Brown something. The bones of the cave bear and other gigantic animals have been found here, but at present the only tenants of these antique vaults are the bats, forming huge black clusters in the roof. There is something eerie in their cries, but they are more alarmed than alarming, the lights disturbing them not a little.

Pleasant after even thus short a venture into the region of perpetual night was the return to sunshine, green trees, the children—and the teapot! After calling it into requisition, we set off homewards, reaching Besançon just as the moon made its appearance, a large silver disc above the purple hills. And the next day, good luck still following us, we had a drive and picnic in the opposite direction, this time with a less ambitious programme. In fact, we were merely accepting a neighbor's invitation to a friendly dinner out of doors a few miles from Besançon. This picnic is a fair sample of Franc-Comtois hospitality, not only friends being invited, but their guests, babies, servants—"all that was in their house"—the various parties being collected in a waggonette. It was Sunday, and though I am here still in a strictly Protestant atmosphere, host and guests being Protestants, it was pleasant to find none of the Puritanism characterizing some sections of the Reformed Church in France. The Protestant pastor, indeed, to whose eloquent discourse I had listened that morning, was of the party; and it is quite a matter of course here to spend Sunday afternoons thus sociably and healthfully. The meeting place was a rustic spot much resorted to by Bisontins (as residents of Besançon are called) on holidays, and easily reached from the little station of Roche, on the railway line to Belfort. A winding path through a wood leads to the so-called Acier springs, which since the Roman epoch have continued to supply Besançon with the delicious water we find here in such abundance. We have just such bits of wood, waterfall, and mountain in north Wales, but seldom in September such unbroken sunshine to make a picnic exactly what it should be. It was warm enough for July, and young and old could disport themselves on the turf in perfect security. As the afternoon wore on, numerous pleasure parties, mostly belonging to the

working-classes, found their way to the same pleasant spot, all amply provided with baskets of wine and provisions. Some went farther in search of some little glade they could have to themselves, others took possession of nooks and corners in the open space where we had just before dined so merrily. It was amusing to see how little attention these good people paid to us or any other outsiders. Two or three of the women, fearing to tear their Sunday gowns in the wood, coolly took them off, hanging them on the trees near, and as coolly remade their toilette when their woodland rambles were over. The train to Roche certainly brought in a goodly contingent of picnic parties that afternoon, and when about four o'clock we prepared to return home the place was beginning to wear a very animated appearance. The moon had risen ere we reached our destination, and seen in the tender summer twilight the valley of the Doubs looked even more beautiful than in the glowing sunshine of midday. There is no monotony in these vine-clad hills, rugged mountain-sides wooded from peak to base, close-shut valleys, and bright blue winding rivers; whether seen under the dropping shadows of a shifting sky, or the glow of sunset, their quiet beauties delight the eye of every spectator and commend themselves to the artist. Perhaps no department of France is richer in rivers than this, and every landscape has its bit of river or canal.

To get an idea of the commanding position of Besançon, we must climb one of the lofty green heights, that of Notre Dame des Buis for instance, an hour's drive from the town. Having reached a sharp eminence, crowned by a chapel and covered with boxwood, we obtain a splendid view of the natural and artificial defences which make Besançon, strategically speaking, one of the strongest positions in France. Caesar in his "Commentaries" speaks almost with enthusiasm of the admirable position of Vesontio, the capital of the Sequani, and when he became master of it, the defeat of Vercingetorix became a mere matter of time. But what would the great general have said, could he have seen his citadel thus dwarfed into insignificance by Vauban's magnificent fortifications, and what would be Vauban's amazement could he behold the stupendous works of modern strategists?

Beyond these proudly cresting heights, every peak bristling with its defiant fort, stretches a vast panorama; the moun-

tain chain of the Jura, the Vosges, the snow-capped Swiss Alps, the plains of Burgundy, all these lie under our eyes, clearly defined in the transparent atmosphere of this summer afternoon. Campanulas, white and blue, with abundance of a lovely tinted deep-orange potentilla and carmine dianthus, were growing at our feet, with numerous other wild flowers. The pretty pink mallow cultivated in gardens grows everywhere, but the service-tree and barberry have almost disappeared. This is indeed a paradise to botanists, but their travels should be made earlier in the year. The walks and drives in the neighborhood of Besançon are countless, but that to the little valley of the World's End, "Le Bout du Monde," must on no account be omitted. Again we follow the limpid waters of the winding Doubs: here, on one side, we have hanging vineyards and orchards; on the other, lines of poplar; above these, dimpled green hills and craggy peaks are reflected in the still transparent water. We reach the pretty village of Beurree, after a succession of landscapes, "*l'un plus joli que l'autre*," as our French neighbors say, and then come suddenly upon a tiny valley shut in by lofty rocks, aptly called the world's end of these parts, since here the most adventuresome pedestrian must retrace his steps. No possibility of scaling these mountain walls, from which a cascade falls so musically, no outlet from these impregnable walls into the pastoral country on the other side. We must go back by the way we have come, first having penetrated to the heart of the valley by a winding path, and watched the silvery water tumble down from the grey rocks that seem to touch the blue sky overhead.

The great charm of these landscapes is the abundance of water to be found everywhere, and no less delightful is the sight of springs, fountains, and pumps in every village. Besançon is noted for its handsome fountains, some of which are real works of art; but the tiniest hamlet in the neighborhood, and indeed throughout the department of the Doubs, is as well supplied as the city itself. We know what an aristocratic luxury good water is in many an English village, and how too often the poor have no pure drinking water within reach at all; here they have close at hand enough and to spare of the purest and best, and not only their share of that, but of the good things of the earth, a bit of vegetable and fruit garden, a vineyard, and generally speaking a little house of their own. Here as a rule everybody possesses something, and the working watchmakers

have most of them their suburban garden to which they resort on Sundays and holidays. Besançon is very rich in suburban retreats, and nothing can be more enticing than the cottages and villas nestled so cosy along the vine-clad hills that surround it on every side. It is above all rich in public walks and promenades; one of these, the Promenade Chamart—a corruption of Champs de Mars—possessing some of the finest plane-trees in Europe, a gigantic fragment of forest on the verge of the city of wonderful beauty and stateliness. These veteran trees vary in height from thirty to thirty-five yards. The Promenade Micaud, so called after its originator, winds along the river-side, and affords a lovely view at every turn. Then there are so-called “squares” in the heart of the town, where military bands play twice a week, and nursemaids and their charges spend the afternoon. Perhaps no city of its size in all France—Besançon numbers only sixty thousand inhabitants—is better off in this respect, whilst it is so encircled by vine-clad hills and mountains that the country peeps in everywhere. Considered from all points of view it is a very attractive place to live in, and possesses all the resources of the capital on a small scale: an excellent theatre, literary and artistic societies, free art schools and academy of arts and sciences, museums, picture-galleries, one of the first public libraries in France, of which a word more later on. First of all something must be said of the city itself, which is especially interesting to the archæologist and historian, and is very little frequented by English tourists. Alternately Roman, Burgundian, Arlesian, Anglo-French, and Spanish, Besançon has seen extraordinary vicissitudes; in the twelfth century it was constituted a free city, or commune, and was not incorporated into the French kingdom till the reign of Louis XIV. Traces of these various occupations remain, and as we enter in at one gate and pass out of another, we have each successive chapter suggested to us in the noble Porte Noire or Roman triumphal arch; the ancient cathedral, forming a Roman basilica; the superb semi-Italian, semi-Spanish Palais Granville; the Hôtel de Ville, with its handsome sixteenth-century façade; the Renaissance council chamber; the magnificently carved oak hall of the Palais de Justice; all these stamp the city with the seal of different epochs, and lend majesty to the modern handsome town into which the Besançon of former times has been transformed. The

so-called *Porte Taillée*, a Roman gate hewn out of the solid rock, and surmounted by a tower, is an imposing entry to the city, the triumphal arch before mentioned leading to the cathedral only. Here most picturesquely stand the columns and other fragments of the Roman theatre excavated by the learned librarian, M. Castan, a few years back. The archbishop allows no one to see the treasures contained in the archiepiscopal palace, among which is a fine Paul Veronese; but the cathedral is fortunately open, and there the art-lover may rejoice in one of the most beautiful Fra Bartolomeos in the world, unfortunately hung too high to be well seen. Externally the cathedral offers little interest, but the interior is very gorgeous, a dazzling display of gold ornaments, old stained glass pictures, mosaics, and ecclesiastical riches of all kinds.

The other churches of Besançon are not interesting, architecturally speaking, though picturesque, especially St. Pierre, with its clock-tower conspicuously seen from every part of the town. The Archæological Museum is declared by authorities to be the best arranged in France, and contains some wonderfully beautiful things, notably the Celtic collection found at Alaise, and Gallo-Roman objects of great interest and beauty discovered in various parts of Franche-Comté. Such collections must be studied in detail to be thoroughly appreciated, and commend themselves to archæologists only. I mention the importance and value of the Besançon museum as another illustration of the principle of decentralization carried on in France, each city being enriched and embellished as far as possible, and made a centre, artistic, scientific, and literary. The museum contains, amongst other things, a curious collection of old watches, the speciality of Besançon, of which more will be said hereafter. But what was my astonishment and delight as I sauntered by the little cases under the windows containing coins, medals, and antiquities of various kinds, to come suddenly upon a label bearing this inscription?

LA MONTRE DE VERGNAUD.

There it lay, the little gold watch of the great Girondin orator, choicest, most precious relic of the Revolution, historic memento unrivalled for its interest and romantic associations! Vergniaud's watch! The very words take one's breath away, yet there it was close under my eyes. All those of my readers who are well acquainted with the history of the Revolution in

detail will remember the last banquet of the Girondins, that memorable meeting together of the martyrs of liberty, each one condemned to die next morning for his political creed. The Girondins (of whom Vergniaud was undoubtedly the greatest) ruthlessly swept away, the last barrier removed between principle and passion, and the revolutionary tide was free to work destruction at its will. After the banquet, which was held with much state and ceremony in a hall of the Conciergerie,* now shown to travellers, the twenty-seven Girondins discoursed in Platonic fashion upon the topics nearest their hearts, namely, the future of the republican idea and the immortality of the soul. The solemn symposium brought to an end, each occupied himself differently, some in making their last testaments, others in deep thought, one in calm sleep; and it was during this interval that Vergniaud, with a pin, scratched inside the case of his elegant little gold watch the name of *Adèle*, and having done this, he handed it to a trustworthy gaoler to be delivered next day. A few hours later his head had fallen on the guillotine, but his last bequest was duly delivered to the *Adèle* for whom he designed it, a little girl of thirteen, who was to have become his wife. She became in due time a happy wife and mother, and bequeathed Vergniaud's historic watch to a friend, who generously bestowed it upon the Besançon museum. Charles Nodier in his "*Dernier Banquet des Girondins*," gives an eloquent history of this watch, which most likely he saw or handled as a youth. Vergniaud is undoubtedly one of the most striking and imposing figures in the Revolution, and everything concerning him is of deepest interest. His lofty soul, no more than any other of that epoch, could foresee how the French republic would be established peaceably and firmly after torrents of blood and crimes and terrors unspeakable.

The picture-galleries, arranged in five handsome rooms adjoining, contain these two *chefs-d'œuvre* amid a fairly representative collection of classic and modern art. The fine Albert Dürer, an altarpiece on wood, the Moro portraits, the Bronzino, a "Descent from the Cross," are veritable gems; and beside these are portraits of the two Granvilles by Titian and Gaetano, and two fine portraits, called "A Mathematician" and "Galileo," attributed to Velasquez.

* So enormous was the influx of visitors during the Exhibition that by an order of the *préfet de la police* no one is now permitted to use the Conciergerie. It became impracticable.

Under the same roof is the free art school for both sexes, which is one of the most flourishing institutions of the town, and dates from the year 1774. In the second year of instruction drawing is taught from the live model. Besançon also boasts of a free music school, and, what is of particular interest to strangers, a technical school for the training of working watchmakers, male and female. Watchmaking, as has already been mentioned, is the speciality of the town, and originated as far back as 1793. The National Convention is to be thanked for this great source of wealth, the first *horlogerie* here being founded by the refugee watchmakers of Chaux de Fonds and Locle, who had been proscribed for their adhesion to republican ideas. By a decree of the Convention these exiles were accorded succor and shelter at Besançon, after which the Committee of National Safety declared the *horlogeries* of Le Doubs national institutions. Upwards of five hundred thousand watches are made annually, and it has been computed that out of every hundred watches that go to the French market, eighty-six come from Besançon. These little watches are very durable and elegant, and are sold at prices that would surprise Sir John Bennett and other eminent watchmakers in London. Besançon also possesses an Academy of Arts, Science and Belles-Lettres, free to both sexes, and a poor scholar, therefore, who has been lucky enough to get a nomination to the Lycée, may here obtain his *bachelier ès lettres* or *ès sciences* without one farthing of cost. Again, I may remark that, as far as I know, no English town of sixty thousand inhabitants, more or less, offers such advantages in the way of higher instruction to those who cannot afford to pay for it; but perhaps my English critics will reply that English towns might have such free institutions if they chose. The session of the Besançon academy begins in October and lasts till the summer, during which are daily delivered, by first-rate professors, courses of lectures scientific, artistic, and literary. I should be only too glad to discover that at Hastings or Ipswich, for instance, towns I know pretty well—I could attend gratuitously or otherwise courses of lectures with demonstrations on chemistry, geology, palæontology, or any other subject by accredited professors. The fact of the case is, as any one who lives in France knows, that we have nothing like the free academies, art schools, and music academies found there so largely, and

which mostly date from the great Revolution, when the highest instruction was not considered too good for the people. The superior taste, technical skill, and general intelligence of French workmen to our own are due to these causes, and also to the opening of museums, public libraries, etc., on Sundays.

Delightful hours may be spent in the library of Besançon, which is one of the richest and most ancient in France, but space will only permit a word or two concerning its various treasures. Like the memorable library of Weimar, it is a museum as well, and contains a most interesting collection of coins, medals, statues, busts, engravings, etc., relating to the history of Franche-Comté; and, like most other large French provincial libraries, it is under the management of a man of great learning and distinction. M. Castan, the present librarian, is the author of several valuable works relating to his native province, and to him Besançon is indebted for the excavations which have filled its museums with archaeological treasures. Bibliographers may here feast their eyes on stores of most precious illuminated MSS. and rare books, some of which are of the greatest rarity; but ordinary tourists will be better pleased with the statues and portraits that adorn its corridor. Here we find celebrated Franc-Comtois of all times, soldiers, savants, poets, *littérateurs*, the familiar features of Victor Hugo among the rest. Franche-Comté is particularly rich in great names, and Besançon alone boasts of a noble list, Victor Hugo, Charles Nodier, Fourier, Proudhon, Charles Weiss, Francis Wey, the sculptors Clésinger and Petit—these *inter alios* of our own epoch. The house in which the author of "*Notre Dame de Paris*" was born, so far back as 1802, is in the street leading to the cathedral, but has long since been reconstructed.

The interest and beauty of Besançon might be dwelt upon at much greater length did space permit; but to realize these the traveller should follow my example and settle down for a fortnight, "excursionizing" from time to time, and seeing the town itself leisurely. Nothing worth seeing can be seen in a hurry, and I would gladly have devoted another fortnight to the antiquities and beautiful environs of this delightful old town. It is eminently Catholic, but although in a tremendous minority here, the Protestants hold their own, and even make head against the enemy, as at Arbois, a little town in the Jura, where a Protestant church has

lately been established. There are four pastors at Besançon, who divide the work between them: it is mainly owing to their efforts that a handsome building with gardens in the suburbs has lately been purchased and turned into a Protestant hospital and asylum for the sick and aged. Up till this time they had been received in the municipal hospital under the management of the nuns, who of course did all in their power to worry them into Catholicism. We know what happens when a hospital is under the charge of nuns, and it can easily be understood that many of these poor people preferred to embrace a crucifix than profess the truth when half-dead of exhaustion. Some would go through a mock conversion, others would endure a martyrdom till the last; but the position alike of weak or obstinate was unbearable. Now there is a home not only for the indigent Protestant sick and aged, but for those who can afford to pay a small sum for being well looked after, and it is delightful to witness the homelike ease and comfort of everything. The poor people welcomed their pastor, who accompanied me on my visit, not only as a priest but as a friend, and it was easy to see how they enjoyed a little talk with *madame*, and the prattle of the children, who were delighted to accompany their parents. The large, shady gardens overlooking the town are much resorted to in fine weather, and everywhere we found cheerful faces. It is hardly necessary to say that this admirable work needs money. The Catholic clergy of course regard any step in advance on the part of the Protestants with abhorrence, and do a little bit of persecution whenever opportunity offers. As perhaps may not be known to all my readers, the parish burial-ground in France is opened by the law to all sects and denominations indiscriminately. Protestant, Jew, Mahometan, or Brahmin may here find a resting-place in spite of M. le Curé. Such is the law, and an admirable law it is, but the law means one thing to a Catholic and another to a Protestant. There is no Protestant burial-ground in Besançon or the neighboring villages, so that every one is buried in the town and parish cemetery; but as mayors of small county towns and villages often happen not to know the law, the curé tries to circumvent his enemy at the last. Accordingly, when the time of burial comes, a Protestant pastor may be kept waiting for hours in consequence of this wilful obstinacy, supposing that the mayor is under clerical influence. Useless to argue, "*La loi est*

avec nous," curé and mayor persist, and at the last moment the unfortunate pastor has to telegraph to the *préfet*, who, whether clerical or not, knows the law and is obliged to follow it, and consequently send an authorization which ends the matter. This is very blind on the part of the clericals, for it naturally turns the Protestants into martyrs. It happened in a little village not far from Besançon that after a scene of this kind all the village population turned into the cemetery, and by the time the *préfet's* order came, the Protestant pastor had a large audience for his discourse over the grave. "*C'est si consolant chez les Protestants l'enterrement des morts*," people were heard to say, and let us hope the curé and the mayor were punished for their folly by a few conversions to Protestantism among their flock.

Leaving this ungracious subject, let the reader follow me to Ornans and the long valley of the Loue. This is the excursion *par excellence* to be made from Besançon, and may be made in two ways; either on foot, occupying three or four days, decidedly the most advantageous for those who can do it, or by carriage in a single day, starting very early in the morning, and telegraphing for relays at Ornans the previous afternoon. This is how we managed it, starting at five, and reaching home soon after eight at night. The children accompanied us, and I must say better fellow-travellers I never had than these mites of sixteen months and three-and-a-half years. When tired of looking at the cows, oxen, goats, horses, and poultry we passed on the road, they would amuse themselves for an hour by quietly munching a roll; and when that occupation at last came to an end, they would go to sleep, waking up just as happy as before. As a hint to mammas, I will add that the younger was getting his teeth, and in the house was fretful and ill at ease. No sooner was his hat on and the magic word *voiture* pronounced in his hearing, than every cloud vanished from his sweet little face, and all the miseries of teething were forgotten. Ornans is not only extremely picturesque in itself, but interesting as the birthplace and family residence of the famous painter Courbet; it is also a starting-place for the valley of the Loue, and the source of this beautiful little river, the last only to be seen in fine dry weather on account of the steepness and slipperiness of the road. The climate of Franche-Comté is unfortunately very like our own, being excessively changeable, rainy, blowy, sunny, all in a breath. To-day's unclouded

sunshine is no guarantee of fine weather to-morrow; although, as a rule, September is the finest month of the year here, it has been all along variable this year with alternations of rain and chilliness. This is the great drawback of travel in these parts, and fine days have to be waited for and seized upon whenever they come. The hotels are very much like caravanse-rais in Algeria; bells, fireplaces, and other necessities of civilized life are unknown; the bedrooms — generally reached by an outside staircase — afford such accommodation as we should not think luxurious for a stable-boy in England, and often adjoin a noisy upper *salle-à-manger*, where eating, drinking, and talking are going on all day long. The food is always good, the wine sour as vinegar, and the people obliging in the extreme. At Mouthier we sat down to an excellent dinner at one end of the dining-room; at the other was a long table where a number of peasant farmers, carters, graziers, etc. — it was fair-day — were dining equally well. Our driver was among them, and all were as quiet and well-behaved as possible, but given to spit on the floor, as "is their nature to." The charges are very low.

Ornans we reach after a drive of three hours amid hills luxuriantly draped with vines and craggy peaks clothed with verdure, here and there wide stretches of velvety green pasture with cattle feeding, and haymakers turning over the autumn hay. Everywhere we find haymakers at work, and picturesque figures they are.

Ornans is lovely, and no wonder that Courbet was so fond of it. Nestled in a deep valley of green rocks and vineyards, and built on the banks of the transparent Loue, its quaint spire rising from the midst, it commends itself alike to artist, naturalist, and angler. These old-world houses, reflected in the river, are marvelously *malerisch* — paintable, as our German friends say; and the scene, as we saw it after a heavy rain, glowed in the brightest, the warmest light.

Courbet's house is situated, not on the river, but by the roadside on the outskirts of the town, fronting the river and the bright green terraced hills above. It is a low one storied house, embosomed in greenery, very rural, pretty, and artistic. In the dining-room we were shown a small statue of the painter by his own hand, giving one rather the idea of a country squire or sporting-farmer than a great artist; and the house — which is not shown to strangers — is full of interesting reminiscences of its owner. In the kitchen is a splendid

Renaissance chimney-piece in sculptured marble, fit for the dining-hall of a Rothschild. This Courbet found in some old château near, and transferred it to his cottage. On the walls of the studio are two frescoes he painted in his happier days, before he helped to overthrow the Vendôme Column, and thus forfeited the good feeling of his fellow-townsmen. Ornans is clerical to the backbone, and — will it be believed? — after the unfortunate affair of the Vendôme Column, an exquisite statue with which Courbet had decorated the public fountain was thrown down, of course at clerical instigation. Morteau — it must be supposed — being more enlightened, rescued the dishonored statue, and it now adorns the public fountain of that village. It is indeed impossible to give any idea of the vindictive spirit with which poor Courbet was treated by his native village; and seeing how much he loved it, it must have galled him deeply. We were allowed to wander at will over the house and straggling gardens, having friends in the present occupants, but the house still belongs to the Courbet family, and is not otherwise to be seen.

Ornans possesses a fine old church, also a curious old Spanish house, relic of the Spanish occupation of Franche-Comté, and long walks without number. Everywhere we see artificial terraces for the vines as on the Rhine, not a ledge of mountain-side being wasted. On account of its splendid scenery, it is a favorite resort of French artists, and at least one name among them will ever be associated with it. As we leave it and enter on the Mouthier road the aspect changes, and we find ourselves in the winding, close-shut valley of the Loue, narrow, turbulent little stream, of deep-blue green, winding over a rocky bed, amid hanging vineyards and towering cliffs of every conceivable form. This valley of the Loue is deservedly reckoned among the finest pieces of scenery in the department of the Doubs.

Mouthiers is perched on a hillside amid mountains of grandiose outline, and is hardly less *malerisch*, though not nearly so enticing as Ornans. In fact, it is a trifle dirty when visited in detail, though charming when viewed from the mountain road above.

After having stopped at Mouthiers to dine and rest, we now climb this, and hardly know which to admire most, the deep, far-off winding valley at our feet, amid which the imprisoned river curls with a noise as of thunder, making miniature cascades at every step; or the towering

silvery grey rocks overhead, of most majestic height and form, rising sheer from wild ravine to blue sky. The road zigzags wonderfully around the mountain-sides, a stupendous piece of engineering which cost its originator his life. The engineer to whom travellers are indebted for this road from Mouthier to Pontarlier, while occupied in taking measurements, lost his footing and fell into the awful chasm below. Franche-Comté is rich in zigzagging mountain roads of daring construction, and none are more wonderful than this. All this time, as we crawl at a snail's pace between rock and ravine, purest, most silvery-white masses towering to the sky, densest, deepest green fastnesses that make us giddy to behold, we hear the sea-like roar of the little river as it pours down impetuously from its mountain home. The heavy rains of the previous night, however, prevent us from following it to its source, a delightful excursion in dry weather, but impracticable after a rainfall. The day too is waning, so we leave this to more fortunate travellers, and turn our horse's head towards Mouthier. When, after coffee and a little chat with friends, we leave Ornans, a splendid glow of sunset lights up Courbet's favorite abiding-place, clothing the hills and woods he gazed on so often with ripest gold. The glories of the sunset lingered long, and as the last crimson cloud faded, the full pearly moon rose in the clear heavens, amid myriads of stars.

A few days after this delightful excursion, I quitted Besançon, as I had done Montbéliard, amid the heartiest leave-takings; and the last recollection I have of the ancient town is of two little fair-haired boys whose faces were lifted to mine for a farewell kiss in the railway station.

M. B.-E.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRISONER.

THE sudden noise overhead and the hurried trampling of the men on deck were startling enough; but surely there was nothing to alarm her in the calm and serious

face of this man who stood before her. He did not advance to her. He regarded her with a sad tenderness, as if he were looking at one far away. When the beloved dead come back to us in the wonder-halls of sleep, there is no wild joy of meeting: there is something strange. And when they disappear again, there is no surprise; only the dull aching returns to the heart.

"Gertrude," said he, "you are as safe here as ever you were in your mother's arms. No one will harm you."

"What is it? What do you mean?" said she quickly.

She was somewhat bewildered. She had not expected to meet him thus suddenly face to face. And then she became aware that the companion-way by which she had descended into the saloon had grown dark: that was the meaning of the harsh noise.

"I want to go ashore, Keith," said she hurriedly. "Put me on shore. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore," said he calmly.

"I don't know what you mean," said she; and her heart began to beat hurriedly. "I tell you I want to go ashore, Keith. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore, Gertrude," he repeated. "We have already left Erith. . . . Gerty, Gerty," he continued, for she was struck dumb with a sudden terror, "don't you understand now? I have stolen you away from yourself. There was but the one thing left: the one way of saving you. And you will forgive me, Gerty, when you understand it all——"

She was gradually recovering from her terror. She did understand it now. And he was not ill at all?

"Oh, you coward!—you coward!—you coward!" she exclaimed, with a blaze of fury in her eyes. "And I was to confer a kindness on you—a last kindness! But you dare not do this thing!—I tell you, you dare not do it! I demand to be put on shore at once! Do you hear me?"

She turned wildly round, as if to seek for some way of escape. The door in the ladies' cabin stood open; the daylight was streaming down into that cheerful little place; there were some flowers on the dressing-table. But the way by which she had descended was barred over and dark.

She faced him again, and her eyes were full of fierce indignation and anger; she drew herself up to her full height; she overwhelmed him with taunts and reproaches and scorn. That was a splendid piece of acting, seeing that it had never

been rehearsed. He stood unmoved before all this theatrical rage.

"Oh, yes, you were proud of your name," she was saying, with bitter emphasis; "and I thought you belonged to a race of gentlemen, to whom lying was unknown. And you were no longer murderous and revengeful; but you can take your revenge on a woman, for all that! And you ask me to come and see you, because you are ill! And you have laid a trap, like a coward!"

"And if I am what you say, Gerty," said he, quite gently, "it is the love of you that has made me that. Oh, you do not know!"

She saw nothing of the lines that pain had written on this man's face; she recognized nothing of the very majesty of grief in the hopeless eyes. He was only her jailer, her enemy.

"Of course—of course," said she. "It is the woman—it is always the woman who is at fault! That is a manly thing, to put the blame on the woman! And it is a manly thing to take your revenge on a woman! I thought when a man had a rival, that it was his rival whom he sought out. But you—you kept out of the way——"

He strode forward, and caught her by the wrist. There was a look in his face that for a second terrified her into silence.

"Gerty," said he, "I warn you! Do not mention that man to me—now or at any time; or it will be bad for him and for you!"

She twisted her hand from his grasp.

"How dare you come near me!" she cried.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with an instant return to his former grave gentleness of manner. "I wish to let you know how you are situated, if you will let me, Gerty. I don't wish to justify what I have done, for you would not hear me—just yet. But this I must tell you, that I don't wish to force myself on your society. You will do as you please. There is your cabin; you have occupied it before. If you would like to have this saloon, you can have that too: I mean I shall not come into it unless it pleases you. And there is a bell in your cabin; and if you ring it, Christina will answer."

She heard him out patiently; her reply was a scornful—perhaps nervous—laugh.

"Why, this is mere folly!" she exclaimed. "It is simple madness. I begin to believe that you are really ill, after all; and it is your mind that is affected. Surely you don't know what you are doing?"

"You are angry, Gerty," said he.

But the first blaze of her wrath and indignation had passed away; and now fear was coming uppermost.

"Surely, Keith, you cannot be dreaming of such a mad thing! Oh, it is impossible! It is a joke: it was to frighten me: it was to punish me, perhaps. Well, I have deserved it; but now — now you have succeeded; and you will let me go ashore, further down the river."

Her tone had altered. She had been watching his face.

"Oh no, Gerty, oh no," he said. "Do you not understand yet? You were everything in the world to me — you were life itself. Without you I had nothing, and the world might just as well come to an end for me. And when I thought you were going away from me, what could I do? I could not reach you by letters, and letters; and how could I know what the people around you were saying to you? Ah, you do not know what I have suffered, Gerty; and always I was saying to myself that if I could get you away from these people, you would remember the time that you gave me the red rose, and all those beautiful days would come back again, and I would take your hand again, and I would forget altogether about the terrible nights when I saw you beside me and heard you laugh just as in the old times. And I knew there was only the one way left. How could I but try that? I knew you would be angry, but I hoped your anger would go away. And now you are angry, Gerty, and my speaking to you is not of much use — as yet; but I can wait until I see you yourself again, as you used to be, in the garden — don't you remember, Gerty?"

Her face was proud, cold, implacable.

"Do I understand you aright — that you have shut me up in this yacht and mean to take me away?"

"Gerty, I have saved you from yourself!"

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where we are going?"

"Why not away back to the Highlands, Gerty?" said he eagerly. "And then some day when your heart relents, and you forgive me, you will put your hand in mine, and we will walk up the road to Castle Dare. Do you not think they will be glad to see us that day, Gerty?"

She maintained her proud attitude, but she was trembling from head to foot.

"Do you mean to say that until I consent to be your wife I am not to be allowed to leave this yacht?"

"You will consent, Gerty!"

"Not if I were to be shut up here for a thousand years!" she exclaimed, with another burst of passion. Oh, you will pay for this dearly! I thought it was madness — mere folly; but if it is true, you will rue this day! Do you think we are savages here? — do you think we have no law?"

"I do not care for any law," said he simply. "I can only think of the one thing in the world. If I have not your love, Gerty, what else can I care about?"

"My love!" she exclaimed. "And this is the way to earn it, truly! My love! If you were to keep me shut up for a thousand years, you would never have it! You can have my hatred, if you like, and plenty of it, too!"

"You are angry, Gerty!" was all he said.

"Oh, you do not know with whom you have to deal!" she continued, with the same bitter emphasis. "You terrified me with stories of butchery — the butchery of innocent women and children; and no doubt you thought the stories were fine; and now you too would show you are one of the race by taking revenge on a woman. But if she is only a woman, you have not conquered her yet! Oh, you will find out before long that we have law in this country, and that it is not to be outraged with impunity. You think you can do as you like; because you are a Highland master, and you have a lot of slaves round you!"

"I am going on deck now, Gerty," said he, in the same sad and gentle way. "You are tiring yourself. Shall I send Christina to you?"

For an instant she looked bewildered, as if she had not till now comprehended what was going on; and she said, quite wildly, —

"Oh, no, no, no, Keith; you don't mean what you say! You cannot mean it! You are only frightening me! You will put me ashore, and not a word shall pass my lips. We cannot be far down the river, Keith. There are many places where you could put me ashore; and I could get back to London by rail. They won't know I have ever seen you. Keith, you will put me ashore now!"

"And if I were to put you ashore now, you would go away, Gerty, and I should never see you again — never, and never. And what would that be for you and for me, Gerty? But now you are here, no one can poison your mind; you will be angry for a time; but the brighter days are

coming — oh yes, I know that: if I was not sure of that, what would become of me? It is a good thing to have hope; to look forward to the glad days: that stills the pain at the heart. And now we two are together at last, Gerty! — and if you are angry, the anger will pass away; and we will go forward together to the glad days."

She was listening in a sort of vague and stunned amazement. Both her anger and her fear were slowly yielding to the bewilderment of the fact that she was really setting out on a voyage, the end of which neither she nor any one living could know.

"Ah, Gerty," said he, regarding her with a strange wistfulness in the sad eyes, "you do not know what it is to me to see you again. I have seen you many a time — in dreams; but you were always far away; and I could not take your hand. And I said to myself that you were not cruel; that you did not wish any one to suffer pain; and I knew if I could only see you again, and take you away from these people, then your heart would be gentle, and you would think of the time when you gave me the red rose, and we went out in the garden, and all the air round us was so full of gladness that we did not speak at all. Oh yes; and I said to myself that your true friends were in the north; and what would the men at Dubh Artach not do for you, and Captain Macallum too, when they knew you were coming to live at Dare; and I was thinking that would be a grand day when you came to live among us; and there would be dancing, and a good glass of whiskey for every one, and some playing on the pipes that day! And sometimes I did not know whether there would be more of laughing or of crying when Janet came to meet you. But I will not trouble you any more now, Gerty; for you are tired, I think; and I will send Christina to you. And you will soon think that I was not cruel to you when I took you away and saved you from yourself."

She did not answer; she seemed in a sort of trance. But she was aroused by the entrance of Christina, who came in directly after Macleod left. Miss White stared at this tall, thin-featured, white-haired woman, as if uncertain how to address her; when she spoke it was in a friendly and persuasive way.

"You have not forgotten me, then, Christina?"

"No, mem," said the grave Highland woman. She had beautiful, clear, blue-gray eyes, but there was no pity in them.

"I suppose you have no part in this mad freak?"

The old woman seemed puzzled. She said, with a sort of serious politeness, —

"I do not know, mem. I have not the good English as Hamish."

"But surely you know this," said Miss Gertrude White, with more animation, "that I am here against my will? You understand that, surely? That I am being carried away against my will from my own home and my friends? You know it very well; but perhaps your master has not told you of the risk you run? Do you know what that is? Do you think there are no laws in this country?"

"Sir Keith he is the master of the boat," said Christina. "Iss there anything now that I can do for you, mem?"

"Yes," said Miss White boldly. "There is. You can help me to get ashore. And you will save your master from being looked on as a madman. And you will save yourselves from being hanged."

"I wass to ask you," said the old Highland woman, "when you would be for having the dinner. And Hamish, he wass saying that you will hef the dinner what time you are thinking of; and will you hef the dinner all by yourself?"

"I tell you this, woman," said Miss White, with quick anger, "that I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! What is the use of this nonsense? I wish to be put on shore. I am getting tired of this folly. I tell you I want to go ashore; and I am going ashore; and it will be the worse for any one who tries to stop me!"

"I do not think you can go ashore, mem," Christina said, somewhat deliberately picking out her English phrases, "for the gig is up at the davits now; and the dingey — you wass not thinking of going ashore by yourself in the dingey? And last night, mem, at a town, we had many things brought on board; and if you would tell me what you will hef for the dinner, there is no one more willing than me. And I hope you will hef very good comfort on board the yacht."

"I can't get it into your head that you are talking nonsense!" said Miss White angrily. "I tell you I will not go anywhere in this yacht! And what is the use of talking to me about dinner? I tell you I will neither eat nor drink while I am on board this yacht."

"I think that would be a ferry foolish thing, mem," Christina said, humbly enough; but all the same the scornful

fashion in which this young lady had addressed her had stirred a little of the Highland woman's blood; and she added — still with great apparent humility — "But if you will not eat, they say that iss a ferry good thing for the pride; and there iss not much pride left if one hass nothing to eat, mem."

"I presume that is to be my prison?" said Miss White haughtily, turning to the smart little stateroom beyond the companion.

"That iss your cabin, mem, if you please, mem," said Christina, who had been instructed in English politeness by her husband.

"Well, now, can you understand this? Go to Sir Keith Macleod, and tell him that I have shut myself up in that cabin; and that I will speak not a word to any one; and I will neither eat nor drink, until I am taken on shore. And so, if he wishes to have a murder on his hands, very well! Do you understand that?"

"I will say that to Sir Keith," Christina answered submissively.

Miss White walked into the cabin, and locked herself in. It was an apartment with which she was familiar; but where had they got the white heather? And there were books; but she paid little heed. They would discover they had not broken her spirit yet.

On either side the skylight overhead was open an inch; and it was nearer to the tiller than the skylight of the saloon. In the absolute stillness of this summer day she heard two men talking. Generally, they spoke in the Gaelic, which was of course unintelligible to her; but sometimes they wandered into English — especially if the name of some English town cropped up — and thus she got hints as to the whereabouts of the "Umpire."

"Oh yes, it is a fine big town that town of Gravesend, to be sure, Hamish," said the one voice, "and I have no doubt, now, that it will be sending a gentleman to the Houses of Parliament in London, just as Greenock will do. But there is no one you will send from Mull. They do not know much about Mull in the Houses of Parliament!"

"And they know plenty about ferry much worse places," said Hamish proudly. "And wass you saying there will be anything so beautiful about Greenock ass you will find at Tobbermory?"

"Tobermory!" said the other. "There are some trees at Tobermory — oh yes; and the Mish-nish, and the shops —"

"Yes, and the water-fahl — do not for-

get the water-fahl, Colin; and there iss better whiskey in Tobbermory ass you will get in all Greenock, where they will be for mixing it with prandy and other drinks like that; and at Tobbermory you will hef a professor come ahl the way from Edinburgh and from Oban to gif a lecture on the Gaelic; but do you think he would gif a lecture in a town like Greenock? Oh no; he would not do that!"

"Very well, Hamish; but it is glad I am that we are going back the way we came."

"And me too, Colin."

"And I will not be sorry when I am in Greenock once more."

"But you will come with us first of all to Castle Dare, Colin," was the reply. "And I know that Lady Macleod herself will be for shaking hands with you, and thanking you that you wass tek the care of the yacht."

"I think I will stop at Greenock, Hamish. You know you can take her well on from Greenock. And will you go round the Mull, Hamish, or through the Crinan, do you think now?"

"Oh, I am not afraid to tek her round the Moil; but there iss the English lady on board; and it will be smoother for her to go through the Crinan. And it iss ferry glad I will be, Colin, to see Ardalansh Point again; for I would rather be going through the Doruis Mohr twenty times ass getting between the panks of this tammed river."

Here they relapsed into their native tongue, and she listened no longer; but at all events she had learned that they were going away to the north. And as her nerves had been somewhat shaken, she began to ask herself what further thing this madman might not do. The old stories he had told her came back with a marvellous distinctness. Would he plunge her into a dungeon, and mock her with an empty cup when she was dying of thirst? Would he chain her to a rock at low water and watch the tide slowly rise? He professed great gentleness and love for her; but if the savage nature had broken out at last? Her fear grew apace. He had shown himself regardless of everything on earth: where would he stop, if she continued to repel him? And then the thought of her situation — alone; shut up in this small room; about to venture forth on the open sea with this ignorant crew — so overcame her that she hastily snatched at the bell on the dressing-table, and rang it violently. Almost instantly there was a tapping at the door.

"I ask your pardon, mem," she heard Christina say.

She sprang to the door, and opened it, and caught the arm of the old woman.

"Christina, Christina," she said almost wildly, you won't let them take me away! My father will give you hundreds and hundreds of pounds if only you get me ashore. Just think of him — he is an old man — if you had a daughter —"

Miss White was acting very well indeed; though she was more concerned about herself than her father.

"I wass to say to you," Christina explained, with some difficulty, "that if you wass saying that, Sir Keith had a message sent away to your father, and you wass not to think any more about that. And now, mem, I cannot tek you ashore; it iss no business I hef with that; and I could not go ashore myself whateffer; but I would get you some dinner, mem."

"Then I suppose you don't understand the English language!" Miss White exclaimed angrily. "I tell you I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! Go and tell Sir Keith Macleod what I have said."

So Miss White was left alone again; and the slow time passed; and she heard the murmured conversation of the men, and also a measured pacing to and fro, which she took to be the step of Macleod. Quick rushes of feeling went through her — indignation; a stubborn obstinacy; a wonder over the audacity of this thing; malevolent hatred even; but all these were being gradually subdued by the dominant claim of hunger. Miss White had acted the part of many heroines; but she was not herself a heroine — if there is anything heroic in starvation. It was growing to dusk when she again summoned the old Highland woman.

"Get me something to eat," said she; "I cannot die like a rat in a hole."

"Yes, mem," said Christina, in the most matter-of-fact way; for she had never been in a theatre in her life, and she had not imagined that Miss White's threat meant anything at all. "The dinner is just ready now, mem; and if you will hef it in the saloon, there will be no one there; that wass Sir Keith's message to you."

"I will not have it in the saloon; I will have it here."

"Ferry well, mem," Christina said submissively. "But you will go into the saloon, mem, when I will mek the bed for you, and the lamp will hef to be lit, but Hamish he will light the lamp for you. And are there any other things you

wass thinking of that you would like, mem?"

"No; I want something to eat."

"And Hamish, mem, he wass saying I will ask you whether you will hef the claret wine, or — or — the other wine, mem, that meks a noise —"

"Bring me some water. But the whole of you will pay dearly for this!"

"I ask your pardon, mem?" said Christina, with great respect.

"Oh, go away, and get me something to eat!"

And in fact Miss White made a very good dinner, though the things had to be placed before her on her dressing-table. And her rage and indignation did not prevent her having, after all, a glass or two of the claret wine. And then she permitted Hamish to come in and light the sw'nging lamp; and thereafter Christina made up one of the two narrow beds. Miss White was left alone.

Many a hundred times had she been placed in great peril — on the stage; and she knew that on such occasions it had been her duty to clasp her hand on her forehead and set to work to find out how to extricate herself. Well, on this occasion she did not make use of any dramatic gesture; but she turned out the lamp, and threw herself on the top of this narrow little bed; and was determined that, before they got her conveyed to their savage home in the north, she would make one more effort for her freedom. Then she heard the man at the helm begin to hum to himself "*Fhir a bhata, na horo eile.*" The night darkened. And soon all the wild emotions of the day were forgotten; for she was asleep.

Asleep — in the very waters through which she had sailed with her lover on the white summer day. But *Rose-Leaf! Rose-Leaf! what faint wind will carry you now to the south?*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE VOYAGE OVER.

AND now the brave old "Umpire" is nearing her northern home once more; and surely this is a right royal evening for the reception of her. What although the sun has just gone down, and the sea around them become a plain of heaving and wrestling blue-black waves? Far away, in that purple-black sea, lie long promontories that are of a still pale rose-color; and the western sky is a blaze of golden green; and they know that the wild, beautiful radi-

ance is still touching the wan walls of Castle Dare. And there is Ardalanish Point; and that the ruddy Ross of Mull; and there will be a good tide in the Sound of Iona. Why, then, do they linger, and keep the old "Umpire" with her sails flapping idly in the wind?

As you pass through Jura's Sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

They are in no danger of Corrievreckan now; they are in familiar waters; only that is another Colonsay that lies away there in the south. Keith Macleod, seated up at the bow, is calmly regarding it. He is quite alone. There is no sound around him but the lapping of the waves.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

And is he listening now for the wild sound of her singing? Or is he thinking of the brave Macphail who went back after seven long months of absence, and found the maid of Colonsay still true to him? The ruby ring she had given him had never paled. There was one woman who could remain true to her absent lover.

Hamish came forward.

"Will we go on now, sir?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"No."

Hamish looked round. The shining clear evening looked very calm, notwithstanding the tossing of the blue-black waves. And it seemed wasteful to the old sailor to keep the yacht lying to or aimlessly sailing this way and that while this favorable wind remained to them.

"I am not sure that the breeze will last, Sir Keith."

"Are you sure of anything, Hamish?" Macleod said, quite absently. "Well, there is one thing we can all make sure of. But I have told you, Hamish, I am not going up the Sound of Iona in daylight: why, there is not a man in all the islands who would not know of our coming by to-morrow morning. We will go up the sound as soon as it is dark. It is a new moon to-night; and I think we can go without lights, Hamish."

"The 'Dunara' is coming south to-night, Sir Keith," the old man said.

"Why, Hamish, you seem to have lost all your courage as soon as you put Colin Laing ashore."

"Colin Laing! Is it Colin Laing!" exclaimed Hamish indignantly. "I will know how to sail this yacht, and I will know the banks, and the tides, and the rocks, better than any fifteen thousands of Colin Laings!"

"And what if the 'Dunara' is coming south? If she cannot see us, we can see her."

But whether it was that Colin Laing had before leaving the yacht managed to convey to Hamish some notion of the risk he was running, or whether it was that he was merely anxious for his master's safety, it was clear that Hamish was far from satisfied. He opened and shut his big clasp-knife in an awkward silence. Then he said,—

"You will not go to Castle Dare, Sir Keith?"

Macleod started; he had forgotten that Hamish was there.

"No. I have told you where I am going."

"But there is not any good anchorage at that island, sir!" he protested. "Have I not been round every bay of it; and you too, Sir Keith? and you know there is not an inch of sand or of mud, but only the small loose stones. And then the shepherd they left there all by himself; it was mad he became at last, and took his own life too."

"Well, do you expect to see his ghost?" Macleod said. "Come, Hamish, you have lost your nerve in the south. Surely you are not afraid of being anywhere in the old yacht so long as she has good sea-room around her?"

"And if you are not wishing to go up the Sound of Iona in the daylight, Sir Keith," Hamish said, still clinging to the point, "we could bear a little to the south, and go round the outside of Iona."

"The Dubh Artach men would recognize the 'Umpire' at once," Macleod said abruptly; and then he suggested to Hamish that he should get a little more way on the yacht, so that she might be a trifle steadier when Christina carried the dinner into the English lady's cabin. But indeed there was now little breeze of any kind. Hamish's fears of a dead calm were likely to prove true.

Meanwhile another conversation had been going forward in the small cabin below, that was now suffused by a strange warm light reflected from the evening sky. Miss White was looking very well now, after her long sea-voyage. During their first few hours in blue water she had been very ill indeed; and she repeatedly called

on Christina to allow her to die. The old Highland woman came to the conclusion that English ladies were rather childish in their ways; but the only answer she made to this reiterated prayer was to make Miss White as comfortable as was possible, and to administer such restoratives as she thought desirable. At length, when recovery and a sound appetite set in, the patient began to show a great friendship for Christina. There was no longer any theatrical warning of the awful fate in store for every body connected with this enterprise. She tried rather to enlist the old woman's sympathies on her behalf, and if she did not very well succeed in that direction, at least she remained on friendly terms with Christina, and received from her the solace of much gossip about the whereabouts and possible destination of the ship.

And on this evening Christina had an important piece of news.

"Where have we got to now, Christina?" said Miss White, quite cheerfully, when the old woman entered.

"Oh yes, mem, we will still be off the Mull shore, but a good piece away from it, and there is not much wind, mem. But Hamish thinks we will get to the anchorage the night whatever."

"The anchorage!" Miss White exclaimed eagerly. "Where? You are going to Castle Dare, surely?"

"No, mem, I think not," said Christina. "I think it is an island—but you will not know the name of that island—there is no English for it at all."

"But where is it? Is it near Castle Dare?"

"Oh no, mem; it is a good way from Castle Dare; and it is out in the sea. Do you know Gometra, mem?—wass you ever going out to Gometra?"

"Yes, of course; I remember something about it, anyway."

"Ah, well, it is away out past Gometra, mem; and not a good place for an anchorage whatever; but Hamish he will know all the anchorages."

"What on earth is the use of going there?"

"I do not know, mem."

"Is Sir Keith going to keep me on board this boat forever?"

"I do not know, mem."

Christina had to leave the cabin just then; when she returned she said, with some little hesitation,—

"If I wass mekking so bold, mem, ass to say this to you: Why are you not asking the questions of Sir Keith himself?"

He will know all about it; and if you were to come into the saloon, mem —"

"Do you think I would enter into any communication with him after his treatment of me?" said Miss White indignantly. "No; let him atone for that first. When he has set me at liberty, then I will speak with him; but never so long as he keeps me shut up like a convict."

"I wass only saying, mem," Christina answered, with great respect, "that if you were wishing to know where we were going, Sir Keith will know that; but how can I know it? And you know, mem, Sir Keith has not shut you up in this cabin: you hef the saloon, if you would please to hef it."

"Thank you, I know!" rejoined Miss White. "If I choose, my jail may consist of two rooms instead of one. I don't appreciate that amount of liberty. I want to be set ashore."

"That I hef nothing to do with, mem," Christina said humbly, proceeding with her work.

Miss White, being left to think over these things, was beginning to believe that, after all, her obduracy was not likely to be of much service to her. Would it not be wiser to treat with the enemy—perhaps to outwit him by a show of forgiveness? Here they were approaching the end of the voyage—at least Christina seemed to intimate as much; and if they were not exactly within call of friends, they would surely be within rowing distance of some inhabited island, even Gometra, for example. And if only a message could be sent to Castle Dare? Lady Macleod and Janet Macleod were women. They would not countenance this monstrous thing. If she could only reach them, she would be safe.

The rose-pink died away from the long promontories, and was succeeded by a sombre gray; the glory in the west sank down; a wan twilight came over the sea and the sky; and a small golden star, like the point of a needle, told where the Dubh Artach men had lit their beacon for the coming night. The "Umpire" lay and idly rolled in this dead calm; Macleod paced up and down the deck in the solemn stillness. Hamish threw a tarpaulin over the skylight of the saloon to cover the bewildering light from below; and then, as the time went slowly by, darkness came over the land and the sea. They were alone with the night, and the lapping waves, and the stars.

About ten o'clock there was a loud rattling of blocks and cordage—the first puff

of a coming breeze had struck her. The men were at their posts in a moment; there were a few sharp, quick orders from Hamish; and presently the old "Umpire," with her great boom away over her quarter, was running free before a light south easterly wind.

"Ay, ay!" said Hamish, in sudden gladness, "we will soon be by Ardalinish Point with a fine wind like this, Sir Keith; and if you would rather hef no lights on her—well, it is a clear night whateffer; and the 'Dunara' she will hef up her lights."

The wind came in bits of squalls, it is true, but the sky overhead remained clear, and the "Umpire" bowled merrily along. Macleod was still on deck. They rounded the Ross of Mull, and got into the smoother waters of the Sound. Would any of the people in the cottages at Erraidh see this grey ghost of a vessel go gliding past over the dark water? Behind them burned the yellow eye of Dubh Artach; before them a few small red points told them of the Iona cottages; and still this phantom gray vessel held on her way. The "Umpire" was nearing her last anchorage.

And still she steals onward, like a thief in the night. She has passed through the Sound; she is in the open sea again; there is a calling of startled birds from over the dark bosom of the deep. Then far away they watch the lights of a steamer: but she is miles from their course; they cannot even hear the throb of her engines.

It is another sound they hear—a low booming as of distant thunder. And that black thing away on their right—scarcely visible over the darkened waves—is that the channelled and seabird-haunted Staffa, trembling through all her caves under the shock of the smooth Atlantic surge? For all the clearness of the star-lit sky, there is a wild booming of waters all around her rocks; and the giant caverns answer; and the thunder shudders out to the listening sea.

The night drags on. The Dutchman is fast asleep in his vast Atlantic bed; the dull roar of the waves he has heard for millions of years is not likely to awake him. And Fladda, and Lunga: surely this ghost-gray ship that steals by is not the old "Umpire" that used to visit them in the gay summer-time, with her red ensign flying, and the blue seas all around her? But here is a dark object on the waters that is growing larger and larger as one approaches it. The black outline of it is becoming sharp against the clear dome of stars. There is a gloom around as one gets nearer and nearer the bays and cliffs

of this lonely island; and now one hears the sound of breakers on the rocks. Hamish and his men are on the alert. The top-sail has been lowered. The heavy cable of the anchor lies ready by the windlass. And then, as the "Umpire" glides into smooth water, and her head is brought round to the light breeze, away goes the anchor with a rattle that awakes a thousand echoes; and all the startled birds among the rocks are calling through the night—the sea-pyots screaming shrilly, the curlews uttering their warning note, the herons croaking as they wing their slow flight away across the sea. The "Umpire" has got to her anchorage at last.

And scarcely was the anchor down when they brought him a message from the English lady. She was in the saloon, and wished to see him. He could scarcely believe this, for it was now past midnight, and she had never come into the saloon before. But he went down through the fore-castle, and through his own stateroom, and opened the door of the saloon.

For a second the strong light almost blinded him; but at all events he knew she was sitting there, and that she was regarding him with no fierce indignation at all, but with quite a friendly look.

"Gertrude!" said he, in wonder; but he did not approach her. He stood before her, as one who was submissive.

"So we have got to land at last," said she; and more and more he wondered to hear the friendliness of her voice. Could it be true, then? Or was it only one of those visions that had of late been torturing his brain?

"Oh yes, Gerty!" said he; "we have got to an anchorage."

"I thought I would sit up for it," said she. "Christina said we should get to land some time to-night, and I thought I would like to see you. Because you know, Keith, you have used me very badly. And won't you sit down?"

He accepted that invitation. *Could it be true? could it be true?* This was ringing in his ears. He heard her only in a bewildered way.

"And I want you to tell me what you mean to do with me," said she, frankly and graciously: "I am at your mercy, Keith."

"Oh, not that—not that," said he. And he added, sadly enough, "It is I who have been at your mercy since ever I saw you, Gerty; and it is for you to say what is to become of you and of me. And have you got over your anger now?—and will

you think of all that made me do this, and try to forgive it for the sake of my love for you, Gerty? Is there any chance of that now?"

She rather avoided the earnest gaze that was bent on her. She did not notice how nervously his hand gripped the edge of the table near him.

"Well, it is a good deal to forgive, Keith; you will acknowledge that yourself; and though you used to think that I was ready to sacrifice everything for fame, I did not expect you would make me a nine days' wonder in this way. I suppose the whole thing is in the papers now?"

"Oh no, Gerty; I sent a message to your father."

"Well, that was kind of you—and audacious. Were you not afraid of his overtaking you? The 'Umpire' is not the swiftest of sailors, you used to say; and you know there are telegraphs and railways to all the ports."

"He did not know you were in the 'Umpire,' Gerty. But of course, if he were very anxious about you, he would write or come to Dare. I should not be surprised if he were there now."

A quick look of surprise and gladness sprang to her face.

"Papa—at Castle Dare!" she exclaimed. "And Christina says it is not far from here."

"Not many miles away."

"Then of course they will know we are here in the morning!" she cried, in the indiscretion of sudden joy. "And they will come out for me."

"Oh no, Gerty, they will not come out for you. No human being but those on board knows that we are here. Do you think they could see you from Dare? And there is no one living now on the island. We are alone in the sea."

The light died away from her face; but she said, cheerfully enough,—

"Well, I am at your mercy then, Keith. Let us take it that way. Now you must tell me what part in the comedy you mean me to play; for the life of me I can't make it out."

"Oh, Gerty, Gerty, do not speak like that!" he exclaimed. "You are breaking my heart! Is there none of the old love left? Is it all a matter for jesting?"

She saw she had been incautious.

"Well," said she gently, "I was wrong; I know it is more serious than that; and I am not indisposed to forgive you, if you treat me fairly. I know you have great earnestness of nature; and—and you were very fond of me; and although you

have risked a great deal in what you have done, still, men who are very deeply in love don't think much about consequences. And if I were to forgive you, and make friends again, what then?"

"And if we were as we used to be," said he, with a grave wistfulness in his face, "do you not think I would gladly take you ashore, Gerty?"

"And to Castle Dare?"

"Oh yes, to Castle Dare! Would not my mother and Janet be glad to welcome you!"

"And papa may be there?"

"If he is not there, can we not telegraph for him? Why, Gerty, surely you would not be married anywhere but in the Highlands?"

At the mention of marriage she blanched somewhat; but she had nerved herself to play this part.

"Then, Keith," said she gallantly, "I will make you a promise. Take me to Castle Dare to-morrow, and the moment I am within its doors I will shake hands with you, and forgive you, and we will be friends again as in the old days."

"We were more than friends, Gerty," said he, in a low voice.

"Let us be friends first, and then who knows what may not follow?" said she brightly. "You cannot expect me to be over-profuse in affection just after being shut up like this?"

"Gerty," said he, and he looked at her with those strangely tired eyes, and there was a great gentleness in his voice, "do you know where you are? You are close to the island that I told you of—where I wish to have my grave on the cliff. But instead of a grave, would it not be a fine thing to have a marriage here? No; do not be alarmed, Gerty! it is only with your own good-will; and surely your heart will consent at last! Would not that be a strange wedding, too; with the minister from Salen, and your father on board, and the people from Dare? Oh, you would see such a number of boats come out that day, and we would go proudly back; and do you not think there would be a great rejoicing that day? Then all our troubles would be at an end, Gerty! There would be no more fear; and the theatres would never see you again; and the long, happy life we should lead, we two together! And do you know the first thing I would get you, Gerty?—it would be a new yacht! I would go to the Clyde, and have it built all for you. I would not have you go out again in this yacht, for you would then remember the days in which I was cruel

to you; but in a new yacht you would not remember that any more; and do you not think we would have many a pleasant, long summer day on the deck of her, and only ourselves, Gerty? And you would sing the songs I first heard you sing, and I think the sailors would imagine they heard the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay; for there is no one can sing as you can sing, Gerty. I think it was that first took away my heart from me."

"But we can talk about all these things when I am on shore again," said she coldly. "You cannot expect me to be very favorably disposed so long as I am shut up here."

"But then," he said, "if you were on shore you might go away again from me, Gerty! The people would get at your ear again; they would whisper things to you; you would think about the theatres again. I have saved you, sweetheart; can I let you go back?"

The words were spoken with an eager affection and yearning; but they sank into her mind with a dull and cold conviction that there was no escape for her through any way of artifice.

"Am I to understand, then," said she, "that you mean to keep me a prisoner here until I marry you?"

"Why do you speak like that, Gerty?"

"I demand an answer to my question."

"I have risked everything to save you; can I let you go back?"

A sudden flash of desperate anger—even of hatred—was in her eyes: her fine piece of acting had been of no avail.

"Well, let the farce end!" said she, with frowning eyebrows. "Before I came on board this yacht I had some pity for you. I thought you were at least a man, and had a man's generosity. Now I find you a coward, and a tyrant——"

"Gerty!"

"Oh, do not think you have frightened me with your stories of the revenge of your miserable chiefs and their savage slaves! Not a bit of it! Do with me what you like: I would not marry you if you gave me a hundred yachts!"

"Gerty!"

The anguish of his face was growing wild with despair.

"I say, let the farce end! I had pity for you—yes, I had! Now—I hate you!"

He sprang up with a quick cry, as of one shot through the heart. He regarded her, in a bewildered manner, for one brief second; and then he gently said, "Good-night, Gerty! God forgive you!" and he

staggered backward, and got out of the saloon, leaving her alone.

See! the night is still fine. All around this solitary bay there is a wall of rock, jet-black, against the clear, dark sky, with its myriad twinkling stars. The new moon has arisen, but it sheds but little radiance yet down there in the south. There is a sharper gleam from one lambent planet—a thin line of golden-yellow light that comes all the way across from the black rocks until it breaks in flashes among the ripples close to the side of the yacht. Silence once more reigns around; only from time to time one hears the croak of a heron from the dusky shore.

What can keep this man up so late on deck? There is nothing to look at but the great bows of the yacht back against the pale gray sea, and the tall spars and the rigging going away up into the star-lit sky, and the suffused glow from the skylight touching a yellow-gray on the main-boom. There is no need for the anchor-watch that Hamish was insisting on. The equinoctials are not likely to begin on such a night as this.

He is looking across the lapping gray waters to the jet-black line of cliff. And there are certain words haunting him. He cannot forget them; he cannot put them away.

WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM THAT IS IN MISERY, AND LIFE UNTO THE BITTER IN SOUL? . . . WHICH LONG FOR DEATH, BUT IT COMETH NOT; AND DIG FOR IT MORE THAN FOR HIDDEN TREASURES. . . . WHICH REJOICE EXCEEDINGLY, AND ARE GLAD WHEN THEY CAN FIND THE GRAVE.

Then in the stillness of the night he heard a breathing. He went forward, and found that Hamish had secreted himself behind the windlass. He uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic, and the old man rose and stood guiltily before him.

"Have I not told you to go below before? and will I have to throw you down into the forecabin?"

The old man stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, also in his native tongue,—

"You should not speak like that to me, Sir Keith: I have known you many a year."

Macleod caught Hamish's hand.

"I beg your pardon, Hamish. You do not know. It is a sore heart I have this night."

"Oh, God help us! Do I not know that!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice; and Macleod, as he turned away, could hear the old man crying bitterly in the dark. What else could Hamish do now — for him who had been to him as the son of his old age?

"Go below now, Hamish," said Macleod, in a gentle voice; and the old man slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

But the night had not drawn to day when Macleod again went forward, and said, in a strange, excited whisper, —

"Hamish, Hamish, are you awake now?"

Instantly the old man appeared: he had not turned into his berth at all.

"Hamish, Hamish, do you hear the sound?" Macleod said, in the same wild way; "do you not hear the sound?"

"What sound, Sir Keith?" said he; for indeed there was nothing but the lapping of the water along the side of the yacht and a murmur of ripples along the shore.

"Do you not hear it, Hamish? It is a sound as of a brass band! — a brass-band playing music — as if it was in a theatre. Can you not hear it, Hamish?"

"Oh, God help us! God help us!" Hamish cried.

"You do not hear it, Hamish?" he said. "Ah, it is some mistake. I beg your pardon for calling you, Hamish: now you will go below again."

"Oh no, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "Will I not stay on deck now till the morning? It is a fine sleep I have had; oh yes, I had a fine sleep. And how is one to know when the equinoctials may not come on?"

"I wish you to go below, Hamish."

And now this sound that is ringing in his ears is no longer of the brass-band that he had heard in the theatre. It is quite different. It has all the ghastly mirth of that song that Norman Ogilvie used to sing in the old, half-forgotten days. What is it that he hears?

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

It is a strange mirth. It might almost make a man laugh. For do we not laugh gently when we bury a young child, and put the flowers over it, and know that it is at peace? The child has no more pain at the heart. Oh, Norman Ogilvie, are you still singing the wild song? and are you

laughing now? or is it the old man Hamish that is crying in the dark?

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

It is such a fine thing to sleep — when one has been fretting all the night, and spasms of fire go through the brain! Ogilvie, Ogilvie, do you remember the laughing duchess? do you think she would laugh over one's grave, or put her foot on it, and stand relentless, with anger in her eyes? That is a sad thing; but after it is over there is sleep.

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

Hamish! — Hamish! — will you not keep her away from me? I have told Donald what pibroch he will play; I want to be at peace now. But the brass-band — the brass-band — I can hear the blare of the trumpets; and Ulva will know that we are here, and the Gometra men, and the sea-birds too, that I used to love. But she has killed all that now, and she stands on my grave. She will laugh, for she was light-hearted, like a young child. But you, Hamish, you will find the quiet grave for me; and Donald will play the pibroch for me that I told him of; and you will say no word to her of all that is over and gone.

See — he sleeps. This haggard-faced man is stretched on the deck; and the pale dawn, arising in the east, looks at him, and does not revive him, but makes him whiter still. You might almost think he was dead. But Hamish knows better than that; for the old man comes stealthily forward; and he has a great tartan plaid in his hands, and very gently indeed he puts it over his young master. And there are tears running down Hamish's face, and he says, "The brave lad! the brave lad!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END.

"DUNCAN," said Hamish, in a low whisper — for Macleod had gone below, and they thought he might be asleep in the small, hushed stateroom — "this is a strange-looking day, is it not? And I am

afraid of it in this open bay, with an anchorage no better than a sheet of paper for an anchorage. Do you see now how strange-looking it is?"

Duncan Cameron also spoke in his native tongue, and he said, —

"That is true, Hamish. And it was a day like this there was when the 'Solan' was sunk at her moorings in Loch Hourne. Do you remember, Hamish? And it would be better for us now if we were in Loch Tua, or Loch-na-Keal, or in the dock that was built for the steamer at Tirez. I do not like the look of this day."

Yet to an ordinary observer it would have seemed that the chief characteristic of this pale, still day was extreme and settled calm. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the sea; but there was a slight, glassy swell, and that only served to show curious opalescent tints under the suffused light of the sun. There were no clouds; there was only a thin veil of faint and sultry mist all across the sky; the sun was invisible, but there was a glare of yellow at one point of the heavens. A dead calm; but heavy, oppressed, sultry. There was something in the atmosphere that seemed to weigh on the chest.

"There was a dream I had this morning," continued Hamish, in the same low tones. "It was about my little granddaughter Christina. You know my little Christina, Duncan. And she said to me, 'What have you done with Sir Keith Macleod? Why have you not brought him back? He was under your care, grandfather.' I did not like that dream."

"Oh, you are becoming as bad as Sir Keith Macleod himself!" said the other. "He does not sleep. He talks to himself. You will become like that if you pay attention to foolish dreams, Hamish."

Hamish's quick temper leaped up.

"What do you mean, Duncan Cameron, by saying 'as bad as Sir Keith Macleod'? You — you come from Ross: perhaps they have not good masters there. I tell you there is not any man in Ross, or in Sutherland either, is as good a master, and as brave a lad, as Sir Keith Macleod — not any one, Duncan Cameron!"

"I did not mean anything like that, Hamish," said the other humbly. "But there was a breeze this morning. We could have got over to Loch Tua. Why did we stay here, where there is no shelter and no anchorage? Do you know what is likely to come after a day like this?"

"It is your business to be a sailor on board this yacht; it is not your busi-

ness to say where she will go," said Hamish.

But all the same the old man was becoming more and more alarmed at the ugly aspect of this dead calm. The very birds, instead of stalking among the still pools, or lying buoyant on the smooth waters, were excitedly calling, and whirling from one point to another.

"If the equinoctials were to begin now," said Duncan Cameron, "this is a fine place to meet the equinoctials! An open bay, without shelter, and a ground that is no ground for an anchorage. It is not two anchors or twenty anchors would hold in such a ground."

Macleod appeared: the men were suddenly silent. Without a word to either of them — and that was not his wont — he passed to the stern of the yacht. Hamish knew from his manner that he would not be spoken to. He did not follow him, even with all this vague dread on his mind.

The day wore on to the afternoon. Macleod, who had been pacing up and down the deck, suddenly called Hamish. Hamish came aft at once.

"Hamish," said he, with a strange sort of laugh, "do you remember this morning, before the light came? Do you remember that I asked you about a brass-band that I heard playing?"

Hamish looked at him and said, with an earnest anxiety, —

"Oh, Sir Keith, you will pay no heed to that! It is very common; I have heard them say it is very common. Why, to hear a brass-band, to be sure! There is nothing more common than that. And you will not think you are unwell merely because you think you can hear a brass-band playing!"

"I want you to tell me, Hamish," said he, in the same jesting way, "whether my eyes have followed the example of my ears, and are playing tricks. Do you think they are blood-shot, with my lying on deck in the cold? Hamish, what do you see all around?"

The old man looked at the sky, and the shore, and the sea. It was a marvellous thing. The world was all enshrouded in a salmon-colored mist: there was no line of horizon visible between the sea and the sky.

"It is red, Sir Keith," said Hamish.

"Ah! Am I in my senses this time? And what do you think of a red day, Hamish? That is not a usual thing."

"Oh, Sir Keith, it will be a wild night this night! And we cannot stay here, with this bad anchorage."

"And where would you go, Hamish — in a dead calm?" Macleod asked, still with a smile on the wan face.

"Where would I go?" said the old man excitedly. "I — I will take care of the yacht. But you, Sir Keith — oh! you — you will go ashore now. Do you know, sir, the sheiling that the shepherd had? It is a poor place — oh yes; but Duncan Cameron and I will take some things ashore. And do you not think we can look after the yacht? She has met the equinoctials before, if it is the equinoctials that are beginning. She has met them before; and cannot she meet them now? But you, Sir Keith, you will go ashore."

Macleod burst out laughing in an odd sort of fashion.

"Do you think I am good at running away when there is any kind of danger, Hamish? Have you got into the English way? Would you call me a coward too? Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, Hamish! I — why, I am going to drink a glass of the coal-black wine, and have done with it. I will drink it to the health of my sweetheart, Hamish!"

"Sir Keith," said the old man, beginning to tremble, though he but half understood the meaning of the scornful mirth, "I have had charge of you since you were a young lad."

"Very well."

"And Lady Macleod will ask of me, 'Such and such a thing happened: what did you do for my son?' Then I will say, 'Your ladyship, we were afraid of the equinoctials, and we got Sir Keith to go ashore; and the next day we went ashore for him; and now we have brought him back to Castle Dare!'"

"Hamish, Hamish, you are laughing at me! Or you want to call me a coward? Don't you know I should be afraid of the ghost of the shepherd who killed himself? Don't you know that the English people call me a coward?"

"May their souls dwell in the downmost hall of perdition!" said Hamish, with his cheeks becoming a gray-white; "and every woman that ever came of the accursed race!"

He looked at the old man for a second, and he gripped his hand.

"Do not say that, Hamish — that is folly. But you have been my friend. My mother will not forget you — it is not the way of a Macleod to forget — whatever happens to me."

"Sir Keith!" Hamish cried, "I do not know what you mean. But you will go ashore before the night?"

"Go ashore?" Macleod answered, with a return to his wild, bantering tone, "when I am going to see my sweetheart? Oh no! Tell Christina, now. Tell Christina to ask the young English lady to come into the saloon, for I have something to say to her. Be quick, Hamish!"

Hamish went away, and before long he returned with the answer that the young English lady was in the saloon. And now he was no longer haggard and piteous, but joyful, and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "are you waiting for me at last? I have brought you a long way. Shall we drink a glass now at the end of the voyage?"

"Do you wish to insult me?" said she; but there was no anger in her voice: there was more of fear in her eyes as she regarded him.

"You have no other message for me than the one you gave me last night, Gerty?" said he, almost cheerfully. "It is all over, then? You would go away from me forever? But we will drink a glass before we go!"

He sprang forward, and caught both her hands in his with the grip of a vise.

"Do you know what you have done, Gerty?" said he, in a low voice. "Oh, you have soft, smooth, English ways; and you are like a rose-leaf; and you are like a queen, whom all people are glad to serve. But do you know that you have killed a man's life? And there is no penalty for that in the south, perhaps; but you are no longer in the south. And if you have this very night to drink a glass with me, you will not refuse it? It is only a glass of the coal-black wine!"

She struggled back from him, for there was a look in his face that frightened her. But she had a wonderful self-command.

"Is that the message I was to hear?" said she coldly.

"Why, sweetheart, are you not glad? Is not that the only gladness left for you and for me, that we should drink one glass together, and clasp hands, and say good-by? What else is there left? What else could come to you and to me? And it may not be this night, or to-morrow night; but one night I think it will come; and then, sweetheart, we will have one more glass together before the end."

He went on deck. He called Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, in a grave, matter-of-fact way, "I don't like the look of this evening. Did you say the sheiling was still on the island?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said Hamish, with

great joy; for he thought his advice was going to be taken after all.

"Well, now, you know the gales, when they begin, sometimes last for two, or or three, or four days; and I will ask you to see that Christina takes a good store of things to the sheiling, before the darkness comes on. Take plenty of things, now, Hamish, and put them in the sheiling, for I am afraid this is going to be a wild night."

Now, indeed, all the red light had gone away; and as the sun went down there was nothing but a spectral whiteness over the sea and the sky. And the atmosphere was so close and sultry that it seemed to suffocate one. Moreover, there was a dead calm; if they had wanted to get away from this exposed place, how could they? They could not get into the gig and pull this great yacht over to Loch Tua.

It was with a light heart that Hamish set about this thing; and Christina forthwith filled a hamper with tinned meats, and bread, and whiskey, and what not. And fuel was taken ashore, too, and candles, and a store of matches. If the gales were coming on, as appeared likely from this ominous-looking evening, who could tell how many days and nights the young master—and the English lady, too, if he desired her company—might not have to stay ashore, while the men took the chance of the sea with this yacht, or perhaps seized the occasion of some lull to make for some place of shelter? There was Loch Tua, and there was the bay at Bunnellan, and there was the little channel called Polteriv, behind the rocks opposite Iona. Any shelter at all was better than this exposed place, with the treacherous anchorage.

Hamish and Duncan Cameron returned to the yacht.

"Will you go ashore now, Sir Keith?" the old man said.

"Oh no; I am not going ashore yet. It is not time to run away, Hamish."

He spoke in a friendly and pleasant fashion, though Hamish, in his increasing alarm, thought it no proper time for jesting. They hauled the gig up to the davits, however, and again the yacht lay in dead silence in this little bay.

The evening grew to dusk; the only change visible in the spectral world of pale yellow-white mist was the appearance in the sky of a number of small, detached, bulbous-looking clouds of a dusky blue-gray; They had not drifted hither, for there was no wind. They had only appeared. They were absolutely motionless.

But the heat and the suffocation in this atmosphere became almost insupportable. The men, with bare heads, and jerseys unbuttoned at the neck, were continually going to the cask of fresh water beside the windlass. Nor was there any change when the night came on. If anything, the night was hotter than the evening had been. They awaited in silence what might come of this ominous calm.

Hamish came aft.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Keith," said he, "but I am thinking we will have an anchor-watch to-night."

"You will have no anchor-watch to-night," Macleod answered slowly, from out of the darkness. "I will be all the anchor-watch you will need, Hamish, until the morning."

"You, sir!" Hamish cried. "I have been waiting to take you ashore; and surely it is ashore that you are going!"

Just as he had spoken there was a sound that all the world seemed to stand still to hear. It was a low, murmuring sound of thunder; but it was so remote as almost to be inaudible. The next moment an awful thing occurred. The two men standing face to face in the dark suddenly found themselves in a blaze of blinding steel-blue light, and at the very same instant the thunder-roar cracked and shook all around them like the firing of a thousand cannon. How the wild echoes went booming over the sea! Then they were in the black night again. There was a period of awed silence.

"Hamish," Macleod said quickly, "do as I tell you now! Lower the gig; take the men with you, and Christina, and go ashore, and remain in the sheiling till the morning."

"I will not!" Hamish cried. "Oh, Sir Keith, would you have me do that!"

Macleod had anticipated his refusal. Instantly he went forward and called up Christina. He ordered Duncan Cameron and John Cameron to lower away the gig. He got them all in but Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, "you are a smaller man than I. Is it on such a night that you would have me quarrel with you? Must I throw you into the boat?"

The old man clasped his trembling hands together as if in prayer; and he said, with an agonized and broken voice,—

"Oh, Sir Keith, you are my master, and there is nothing I will not do for you; but only this one night you will let me remain with the yacht. I will give you the rest of my life; but only this one night——"

"Into the gig with you!" Macleod cried

angrily. "Why, man, don't you think I can keep anchor-watch?" But then he added, very gently, "Hamish, shake hands with me now. You were my friend, and you must get ashore before the sea rises."

"I will stay in the dingey, then," the old man entreated.

"You will go ashore, Hamish; and this very instant, too. If the gale begins, how will you get ashore? Good-by, Hamish—good-night!"

Another white sheet of flame quivered all around them, just as this black figure was descending into the gig; and then the fierce hell of sounds broke loose once more. Sea and sky together seemed to shudder at the wild uproar; and far away the sounds went thundering through the hollow night. How could one hear if there was any sobbing in that departing boat, or any last cry of farewell? It was Ulva calling now; and Fladda answering from over the black water; and the Dutchman is surely awake at last!

There came a stirring of wind from the east, and the sea began to moan. Surely the poor fugitives must have reached the shore now. And then there was a strange noise in the distance: in the awful silence between the peals of thunder it would be heard; it came nearer and nearer—a low murmuring noise, but full of a secret life and thrill—it came along like the tread of a thousand armies—and then the gale struck its first blow. The yacht reeled under the stroke, but her bows staggered up again like a dog that has been felled, and after one or two convulsive plunges she clung hard at the strained cables. And now the gale was growing in fury, and the sea rising. Blinding showers of rain swept over, hissing and roaring; the white tongues of flame were shooting this way and that across the startled heavens; and there was a more awful thunder than even the falling of the Atlantic surge booming into the great sea-caves. In the abysmal darkness the spectral arms of the ocean rose white in their angry clamor; and then another blue gleam would lay bare the great heaving and wreathing bosom of the deep. What devil's dance is this? Surely it cannot be Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—Ulva that the sailors in their love of her call softly *Ool-a-va*—that is laughing aloud with wild laughter on this awful night? And Colonsay, and Lunga, and Fladda—they were beautiful and quiet in the still summer-time; but now they have gone mad, and they are flinging back the plunging sea in white

masses of foam, and they are shrieking in their fierce joy of the strife. And Staffa—Staffa is far away and alone; she is trembling to her core: how long will the shuddering caves withstand the mighty hammer of the Atlantic surge? And then again the sudden wild gleam startles the night—and one sees, with an appalling vividness, the driven white waves and the black islands—and then again a thousand echoes go booming along the iron-bound coast. What can be heard in the roar of the hurricane, and the hissing of rain, and the thundering whirl of the waves on the rocks? Surely not the one glad last cry: SWEETHEART! YOUR HEALTH! YOUR HEALTH IN THE COAL-BLACK WINE!

The poor fugitives crouching in among the rocks: is it the blinding rain or the driven white surf that is in their eyes? But they have sailors' eyes; they can see through the awful storm; and their gaze is fixed on one small green point far out there in the blackness—the starboard light of the doomed ship. It wavers like a will-o'-the-wisp, but it does not recede; the old "Umpire" still clings bravely to her chain cables.

And amid all the din of the storm they hear the voice of Hamish lifted aloud in lamentation,—

"Oh, the brave lad! the brave lad! And who is to save my young master now; and who will carry this tale back to Castle Dare? They will say to me: 'Hamish, you had charge of the young lad: you put the first gun in his hand: you had charge of him; he had the love of a son for you: what is it you have done with him this night?' He is my Absalom; he is my brave young lad: oh, do you think that I will let him drown and do nothing to try to save him? Do you think that? Duncan Cameron, are you a man? Will you get into the gig with me and pull out to the 'Umpire'?"

"By God," said Duncan Cameron solemnly, "I will do that! I have no wife; I do not care. I will go into the gig with you, Hamish; but we will never reach the yacht—this night or any night that is to come."

Then the old woman Christina shrieked aloud, and caught her husband by the arm. "Hamish! Hamish! Are you going to drown yourself before my eyes?"

He shook her hand away from him.

"My young master ordered me ashore: I have come ashore. But I myself, I order myself back again. Duncan Cameron, they will never say that we stood by and

saw Macleod of Dare go down to his grave!"

They emerged from the shelter of this great rock; the hurricane was so fierce that they had to cling to one boulder after another to save themselves from being whirled into the sea. But were these two men by themselves? Not likely! It was a party of five men that now clambered along the slippery rocks to the shingle up which they had hauled the gig, and one wild lightning flash saw them with their hands on the gunwale, ready to drag her down to the water. There was a surf raging there that would have swamped twenty gigs: these five men were going of their own free will and choice to certain death—so much had they loved the young master.

But a piercing cry from Christina arrested them. They looked out to sea. What was this sudden and awful thing? Instead of the starboard green light, behold! the port red light—and that moving! Oh, see! how it recedes, wavering—flickering through the whirling vapor of the storm! And there again is the green light! Is it a witch's dance, or are they strange death-fires hovering over the dark ocean grave? But Hamish knows too well what it means; and with a wild cry of horror and despair, the old man sinks on his knees and clasps his hands, and stretches them out to the terrible sea.

"Oh, Macleod! Macleod! are you going away from me forever? and we will go up the hills together and on the lochs together no more—no more—no more! Oh, the brave lad that he was!—and the good master!—and who was not proud of him?—my handsome lad!—and he the last of the Macleods of Dare!"

Arise, Hamish, and have the gig hauled up into shelter; for will you not want it when the gale abates, and the seas are smooth, and you have to go away to Dare, you and your comrades, with silent tongues and sombre eyes? Why this wild lamentation in the darkness of the night? The stricken heart that you loved so well has found peace at last; the coal-black wine has been drunk; there is an end! And you, you poor cowering fugitives, who only see each other's terrified faces when the wan gleam of the lightning blazes through the sky, perhaps it is well that you should weep and wail for the young master; but that is soon over, and the day will break. And this is what I am thinking of now: when the light comes, and the seas are smooth, then which of you—oh, which of you all will tell this tale to the two women at Castle Dare?

So fair shines the morning sun on the white sands of Iona! The three days' gale is over. Behold how Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—the *Oola-va* that the sailors love—is laughing out again to the clear skies! And the great skarts on the shores of Erisgeir are spreading abroad their dusky wings to get them dried in the sun; and the seals are basking on the rocks in Loch-na-Keal; and in Loch Scridain the white gulls sit buoyant on the blue sea. There go the Gometra men in their brown-sailed boat to look after the lobster-traps at Staffa; and very soon you will see the steamer come round the far Cailleach Point; over at Erraidh they are signalling to the men at Dubh Artach; and they are glad to have a message from them after the heavy gale. The new, bright day has begun; the world has awakened again to the joyous sunlight; there is a chattering of the seabirds all along the shores. It is a bright, eager, glad day for all the world. But there is silence in Castle Dare!

From Temple Bar.

MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.

IN November 1854 there died in Edinburgh one who might, with truth, be called almost the last, if not *the* last of that literary galaxy that adorned Edinburgh society in the days of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, and others. Distinguished by the friendship and confidence of Sir Walter Scott, the name of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier is one that has become famous from her three clever, satirical, and most amusing novels of "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny." They exhibit, besides, a keen sense of the ludicrous almost unequalled. She may be said to have done for Scotland what Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth have respectively done for England and Ireland—left portraits painted in undying colors, of men and women that will live forever in the hearts and minds of her readers. In the present redundant age of novel-writers and novel-readers, and when one would suppose the supply must far exceed the demand from the amount of puerile and often at the same time prurient literature in the department of fiction that daily flows from the press, it is refreshing to turn to the vigorous and, above all, healthy moral tone of this lady's works. To the present generation they are as if they had never been, and to the question, "Did you ever read 'Marriage'?" it is

not uncommon in these times to get such an answer as, "No, never. Who wrote it?" "Miss Ferrier." "I never heard of her or her novels." It is with the view, therefore, of enlightening such benighted ones that I pen the following pages.

Miss Ferrier was the fourth and youngest daughter of James Ferrier, writer to the signet, and was born at Edinburgh 7th of September, 1782. Her father was bred to that profession in the office of a distant relative, Mr. Archibald Campbell, of Succoth (great-grandfather of the present Archbishop of Canterbury). To his valuable and extensive business, which included the management of all the Argyll estates, he ultimately succeeded. He was admitted as a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet in the year 1770. He was also appointed a principal clerk of session through the influence (most strenuously exerted) of his friend and patron, John, fifth Duke of Argyll,* and was a colleague in that office with Scott. He also numbered among his friends Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," Dr. Hugh Blair, and last, though not least, Burns the poet. His father, John Ferrier, had been in the same office till his marriage with Grizel, only daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Sandilands Hamilton, Bart., of Westport, County Linlithgow.† John Ferrier was the last laird of Kirklands, County Renfrew, subsequently sold to Lord Blantyre. Mr. James Ferrier was the third son of his parents, and was born 1744.‡ Miss Ferrier was in the habit of frequently visiting at Inveraray Castle in company with her father, and while there had ample opportunity afforded her of studying fashionable life in all its varied and capricious moods, and which have been preserved to posterity in her

admirable delineations of character. Her reason for becoming an authoress is from her own pen as follows, and is entitled a preface to "The Inheritance:"—

An introduction had been requested for the first of these three works, "Marriage;" but while the author was considering what could be said for an already thrice-told tale, it had passed through the press with such rapidity as to outstrip all consideration. Indeed what can be said for any of them amounts to so little, it is scarcely worth saying at all. The first was begun at the urgent desire of a friend, and with the promise of assistance, which, however, failed long before the end of the first volume; the work was then thrown aside, and resumed some years after.* It afforded occupation and amusement for idle and solitary hours, and was published in the belief that the author's name never would be guessed at, or the work heard of beyond a very limited sphere. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qu'il coûte*," in novel-writing as in carrying one's head in their hand: "The Inheritance" and "Destiny" followed as matters of course. It has been so often and confidently asserted that almost all the characters are individual portraits, that the author has little hope of being believed when she asserts the contrary. That some of them were sketched from life is not denied; but the circumstances in which they are placed, their birth, habits, language, and a thousand minute particulars, differ so widely from the originals as ought to refute the charge of personality. With regard to the introduction of religious sentiment into works of fiction, there exists a difference of opinion, which, in the absence of any authoritative command, leaves each free to act according to their own feelings and opinions. Viewing this life merely as the prelude to another state of existence, it does seem strange that the future should ever be *wholly* excluded from any representation of it even in its motley occurrences, scarcely less motley perhaps than the human mind itself. The author can only wish it had been her province to have raised plants of nobler growth in the wide field of Christian literature; but as such has not been her high calling, she hopes her "small herbs of grace" may without offence be allowed to put forth their blossoms amongst the briars, weeds, and wild-flowers of life's common path.

Edinburgh, April 1840.

The friend on whose assistance she relied was Miss Clavering, daughter of Lady Augusta Clavering, and niece of the late Duke of Argyll. Between this lady and our author an early friendship existed, which was severed only by death. It commenced in 1797, when Miss Ferrier lost her mother,† and when she went with

* It underwent several changes before its final publication in 1818.

† Mrs. Ferrier (née Coutts) was the daughter of a farmer at Gourdon, near Montrose. She was very

* To this nobleman in his later years Mr. Ferrier devoted much of his time, both at Inveraray and Roseneath. He died in 1806. His duchess was the lovely Elizabeth Gunning. Mr. Ferrier died at 25 George Street, Edinburgh, January 1829, aged eighty-six. Sir Walter Scott attended his funeral. After his death Miss Ferrier removed to a smaller house, in Nelson Street.

† Sir Walter's father, Walter Sandilands of Hilderston, a cadet of the Torphichen family (his father was commonly styled Tutor of Calder), assumed the name of Hamilton on his marriage with the heiress of Westport.

‡ His brothers were: William, who assumed the name of Hamilton on succeeding his grandfather in the Westport estate. He was in the navy, and at the capture of Quebec, where he assisted the sailors to drag the cannon up the heights of Abraham; m. Miss Johnstone, of Straton, Co. Linlithgow; died 1814. Walter; m. Miss Wallace, of Cairnhill, Co. Ayr. father of the late Colonel Ferrier Hamilton, of Cairnhill and Westport. Ilay, major-general in the army; m. first Miss Macqueen, niece of Lord Braxfield, second, Mrs. Cutlar of Orroland, Co. Kirkcudbright. He was governor of Dumbarton Castle, and died there 1824.

her father to Inveraray Castle she was then fifteen, and her friend only eight. Miss Clavering became the wife of Mr. Miles Fletcher, advocate, but was better known in later years as Mrs. Christison. She inherited all the natural elegance and beauty of face and form for which her mother and aunt, Lady Charlotte Campbell, were so distinguished, and died at Edinburgh, 1869, at an advanced age. While concocting the story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier writes to her friend in a lively and sprightly vein : —

Your proposals flatter and delight me, but how in the name of postage are we to transport our brains to and fro? I suppose we'd be pawning our flannel petticoats to bring about our heroine's marriage, and lying on straw to give her Christian burial. Part of your plot I like much, some not quite so well — for example, it wants a *moral* — your principal characters are good and interesting, and they are tormented and persecuted and punished from no fault of their own, and for no possible purpose. Now I don't think, like all penny-book manufacturers, that 'tis absolutely necessary that the good boys and girls should be rewarded and the naughty ones punished. Yet I think, where there is much tribulation, 'tis fitter it should be the *consequence* rather than the *cause* of misconduct or frailty. You'll say that rule is absurd, inasmuch as it is not observed in human life: that I allow, but we know the inflictions of Providence are for wise purposes, therefore our reason willingly submits to them. But as the only good purpose of a book is to inculcate morality and convey some lesson of instruction as well as delight, I do not see that what is called a *good moral* can be dispensed with in a work of fiction. Another fault is your making your hero attempt suicide, which is greatly too shocking, and destroys all the interest his misfortunes would otherwise

amiable, and possessed of great personal beauty, as is attested by her portrait by Sir George Chalmers, Bart., in a fancy dress, and painted 1765. At the time of her marriage (1767) she resided at the Abbey of Holyrood Palace with an aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Maitland, widow of a younger son of Lord Lauderdale's, who had been left in poor circumstances, and had charge of the apartments there belonging to the Argyll family. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier occupied a flat in Lady Stair's Close (old town of Edinburgh), and which had just been vacated by Sir James Pulteney and his wife Lady Bath. Ten children were the fruit of this union, six sons and four daughters, viz. : —

1. John, W.S., of 12 York Place, Edinburgh, d. 1851; m. Miss Wilson, sister of Professor Wilson, and father of the late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, N.B.
2. Archibald Campbell, W.S., d. 1815; m. Miss Garden.
3. Lorn, d. 1801 at Demerara.
4. James, d. in India 1804.
5. William Hamilton, d. 1804 in } Both officers.
India.
6. Walter, W.S., d. 1856; m. Miss Gordon.
7. Jane (Mrs. Graham), d. 1846.
8. Janet (Mrs. Connell), d. 1848.
9. Helen (Mrs. Kinloch), d. 1866 at Torquay, aged 90.
10. Susan Edmonstone.

excite — that, however, could be easily altered, and in other respects I think your plot has great merit. You'll perhaps be displeased at the freedom of my remarks; but in the first place freedom is absolutely necessary in the cause in which we are about to embark, and it must be understood to be one if not the chief article of our creed. In the second (tho' it should have been the first), know that I always say what I think, or say nothing. Now as to my own deeds — I shall make no apologies (since they must be banished from our code of laws) for sending you a hasty and imperfect sketch of what I think might be wrought up to a tolerable form. I do not recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty* who thinks she can sacrifice all for love to an uncomfortable solitary Highland dwelling† among tall red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts. Don't you think this would make a good opening of the piece? Suppose each of us try our hands on it, the moral to be deduced from that is to warn all young ladies against runaway matches, and the character and fate of the two sisters would be *unexceptionable*. I expect it will be the first book every wise matron will put into the hand of her daughter, and even the reviewers will relax of their severity in favor of the morality of this little work. Enchanting sight! already do I behold myself arrayed in an old mouldy covering, thumbed and creased and filled with dogs'-ears. I hear the enchanting sound of some sentimental miss, the shrill pipe of some antiquated spinster, or the hoarse grumbling of some incensed dowager as they severally inquire for me at the circulating library, and are assured by the master that 'tis in such demand that though he has thirteen copies they are insufficient to answer the calls upon it, but that each of them may depend upon having the very first that comes in!!! Child, child, you had need be sensible of the value of my correspondence. At this moment I'm squandering mines of wealth upon you when I might be drawing treasures from the bags of time! But I shall not repine if you'll only repay me in kind — speedy and long is all that I require; for all things else I shall take my chance. Though I have been so impertinent to your book, I nevertheless hope and expect you'll send it to me. Combie‡ and his daughter (or Mare, as you call her) are coming to town about this time, as I'm informed, and you may easily contrive to catch them (wild as they are) and send it by them, for there's no judging what a picture will be like from a mere pen-and-ink outline — if that won't do, is there not a coach or a carrier? One thing let me entreat of you: if we engage in this undertaking, let it be kept a profound secret from every human being. If I was suspected of being accessory to such foul deeds, my brothers and

* Lady Juliana.

† Glenferri. Dunderawe Castle, on Loch Fyne, was in Miss Ferrier's mind when she drew this sketch of a "solitary Highland dwelling."

‡ Campbell of Combie.

sisters would murder me, and my father bury me alive — and I have always observed that if a secret ever goes beyond those immediately concerned in its concealment it very soon ceases to be a secret.

Again she writes to her friend and co-partner in her literary work : —

I am boiling to hear from you, but I've taken a remorse of conscience about Lady MacLaughlan and her friends : if I was ever to be detected or even suspected, I would have nothing for it but to drown myself. I mean, therefore, to let her alone till I hear from you, as I think we might compound some other kind of character for her that might do as well and not be so dangerous. As to the misses, if ever it was to be published they must be altered or I must fly my native land.

Miss Clavering writes in answer : —

ARDENCAPLE CASTLE, *Sunday Morning.*

First of all I must tell you that I approve in the most signal manner of Lady MacLaughlan. The sort of character was totally unexpected by me, and I was really transported with her. Do I know the person who is the original? The dress was vastly like Mrs. Damer,* and the manners like Lady Frederick.† Tell me if you did not mean a touch at her. I love poor Sir Sampson vastly, though it is impossible, in the presence of his lady, to have eyes or ears for any one else. Now you must not think of altering her, and it must all go forth in the world ; neither must the misses upon any account be changed. I have a way now of at least offering it to publication by which you never can be discovered. I will tell the person that I wrote it (indeed, quotha, cries Miss Ferrier, and no great favor ; see how she loves to plume herself with borrowed fame !). Well, however, my way is quite sure, and the person would never think of speaking of it again, so never let the idea of detection come across your brain while you are writing to damp your ardor.

Positively neither Sir Sampson's lady nor the foolish virgins must be displaced.

Again she writes from Inveraray Castle (of date December 1810), eight years before the work was published : —

And now, my dear Susannah, I must tell you of the success of your first-born. I read it to Lady Charlotte‡ in the carriage when she and I came together from Ardencaple, Bessie§ having gone with mamma. If you will believe, I never yet in my existence saw Lady C.

* Daughter of General Seymour Conway, and a distinguished sculptor. She was niece of the fifth duke of Argyll.

† Lady Frederick Campbell is believed to have suggested the character of Lady MacLaughlan to Miss Ferrier, and there is little doubt she was the original. She was the widow of Earl Ferrers, of Tyburn notoriety, and was burnt to death at Coombe Bank, Kent, in 1807.

‡ Lady Charlotte Campbell, her aunt, better known latterly as Lady Charlotte Bury, and celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments.

§ Miss Mure of Caldwell.

laugh so much as she did at that from beginning to end, and seriously I was two or three times afraid that she would fall into a fit. Her very words were, "I assure you I think it without the least exception the cleverest thing that ever was written, and in wit far surpassing Fielding." Then she said as to our other books they would all sink to nothingness before yours, that they were not fit to be mentioned in the same day, and that she felt quite discouraged from writing when she thought of yours. The whole conversation of the aunties* made her screech with laughing, and in short I can neither record nor describe all that she said ; far from exaggerating it, I don't say half enough, but I only wish you had seen the effect it produced. I am sure you will be the first author of the age.

In another letter she writes : —

I had an immense packet from Lady C. the other day, which I confess rather disappointed me, for I expected volumes of new compositions. On opening it what should it prove but your book returned, so I shall keep it safe till I see you. She was profuse in its praises, and so was mamma, who said she was particularly taken with Lady Juliana's brother,† he was so like the duke. Lady C. said she had read it all deliberately and critically, and pronounced it *capital*, with a dash under it. Lady C. begs that in your enumeration of Lady Olivia's peccadilloes you will omit waltzes.

That dance had just been introduced in London (1811), and the season of that year Miss Clavering spent with her aunt, Lady Charlotte, in the metropolis, in a round of gaiety, going to parties at Kensington Palace (where the Princess of Wales‡ then lived), Devonshire House, and the witty Duchess of Gordon's, one of the "Empresses of Fashion," as Walpole calls her. *A propos* of waltzes, she writes to Miss Ferrier : —

They are all of a sudden become so much the rage here that people meet in the morning at one another's houses to learn them. And they are getting on very much. Lady Charlotte and I get great honor for the accomplishment, and I have improved a few scholars. Clanronald§ is grown so detestably fine. He waltzes with me because he thinks he thereby shows off his figure, but as to speaking to me or Lady Charlotte, he thinks himself much above that. He is in much request at present because of his dancing ; next to him Lord Hartington is, I think, the best dancer ; he is, besides, very fond of it, and is much above

* These oddities were the three Misses Edmonstone, of the Duntreath family, and old family friends, after one of whom Miss Ferrier was named.

† Lord Courtland.

‡ Lady Charlotte was one of the princess's ladies-in-waiting.

§ Macdonald of Clanronald, a great beau in the fashionable London world.

being fine; I never met with a more natural, boyish creature.

To return to the novel. The only portion from Miss Clavering's pen is the history of Mrs. Douglas in the first volume, and are, as she herself remarked, "the only few pages that will be skipped." She further adds:—

Make haste and print it then, lest one of the Miss Edmonstones should die, as then I should think you would scarce venture for fear of being haunted.

I shall hasten to burn your last letter, as you mention something of looking out for a father for your *bantling*, so I don't think it would be decent to let anybody get a sight of such a letter!

At last, in 1818, the novel was published by the late Mr. Blackwood, and drew forth loud plaudits from the wondering public, as to whom the author of so original a book could be. "In London it is much admired, and generally attributed to Walter Scott," so writes a friend to Miss Ferrier; and she replies in her humorous style: "Whosoever it is, I have met with nothing that has interested me since." Sir Walter must have been flattered at his being supposed its father, for he says, in the conclusion of the "Tales of my Landlord":—

There remains behind not only a large harvest, but laborers capable of gathering it in; more than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister, shadow, he would mention in particular the author of the very lively work entitled "Marriage."

Mr. Blackwood, whose opinion is of some value, thought very highly of "Marriage," and he writes to Miss Ferrier (1817):—

Mr. B. will not allow himself to think for one moment that there can be any uncertainty as to the work being completed. Not to mention his own deep disappointment, Mr. B. would almost consider it a crime if a work possessing so much interest and useful instruction were not given to the world. The author is the only critic of whom Mr. B. is afraid, and after what he has said he anxiously hopes that this censor of the press will very speedily affix the *imprimatur*.

In allusion to Sir Walter's eulogium on the novel above quoted, Mr. Blackwood writes to the author:—

I have the pleasure of inclosing you this concluding sentence of the new "Tales of my

Landlord," which are to be published to-morrow. After this call, surely you will be no longer silent. If the great magician does not conjure you I shall give up all hopes.

But Miss Ferrier seems to have been proof against the great magician even. "Marriage" became deservedly popular, and was translated into French, as appears from the annexed:—

We perceive by the French papers that a translation of Miss Ferrier's clever novel "Marriage" has been very successful in France.—*New Times*, 6 Oct. '25.

For "Marriage" she received the sum of £150. Her second venture was more successful in a pecuniary sense. Space, however, prohibits me from dwelling any longer on "Marriage," so we come next to "The Inheritance." This novel appeared six years after, in 1824, and is a work of very great merit. To her sister (Mrs. Kinloch, in London) Miss Ferrier writes:—

John (her brother) has now completed a bargain with Mr. Blackwood, by which I am to have £1,000 for a novel now in hand, but which is not nearly finished, and possibly never may be. Nevertheless he is desirous of announcing it in his magazine, and therefore I wish to prepare you for the *shock*. I can say nothing more than I have already said on the subject of *silence*, if not of *secrecy*. I never will avow myself, and nothing can hurt and offend me so much as any of my friends doing it for me; this is not *façon de parler*, but my real and unalterable feeling; I could not bear the fuss of authorism!

Secrecy as to her authorship seems to have been the great desire of her heart, and much of "The Inheritance" was written in privacy at Morningside House, old Mr. Ferrier's summer retreat near Edinburgh, and she says, "This house is so small it is very ill calculated for concealment."

It was not till 1851 that she publicly avowed herself by authorizing her name to be prefixed to a revised and corrected edition of her works.* Sir Walter Scott was delighted with this second novel, a proof of which was conveyed to Miss Ferrier by Mr. Blackwood:—

On Wednesday I dined in company with Sir Walter Scott, and he spoke of the work in the very highest terms. I do not always set the highest value on the baronet's favorable opinion of a book, because he has so much kindness of feeling towards every one, but in this

* Published by the late Mr. Richard Bentley, to whom she sold her copyrights in 1841. A previous edition was published by him in 1841.

case he spoke so much *con amore*, and entered so completely, and at such a length, to me into the spirit of the book and of the characters, that showed me at once the impression it had made on him. Every one I have seen who has seen the book gives the same praise of it. Two or three days ago I had a note from a friend, which I copy: "I have nearly finished a volume of 'The Inheritance.' It is unquestionably the best novel of the class of the present day, in so far as I can yet judge. Lord Rossville, Adam Ramsay, Bell Black, and the major, Miss Pratt, and Anthony Whyte, are capital, and a fine contrast to each other. It is, I think, a more elaborate work than 'Marriage,' better told, with greater variety, and displaying improved powers. I congratulate you, and have no doubt the book will make a prodigious *sough*."*

Mr. Blackwood adds: "I do not know a better judge nor a more frank and honest one than the writer of this note."

Again he writes:—

On Saturday I lent in confidence to a very clever friend, on whose discretion I can rely, the two volumes of "The Inheritance." This morning I got them back with the following note: "My dear Sir,—I am truly delighted with 'The Inheritance.' I do not find as yet any one character quite equal to Dr. Redgill,† except perhaps the good-natured, old-tumbled (or troubled, I can't make out which) maiden,‡ but as a novel it is a hundred miles above 'Marriage.' It reminds me of Miss Austen's very best things in every page. And if the third volume be like these, no fear of success triumphant."

Mr. Blackwood again says:—

You have only to go on as you are going to sustain the character Sir Walter gave me of "Marriage," that you had the rare talent of making your conclusion even better than your commencement, for, said this worthy and veracious person, "Mr. Blackwood, if ever I were to write a novel, I would like to write the two first volumes, and leave anybody to write the third that liked."

In the following note, Lister, author of "Granby," also expresses his admiration in graceful terms, and with a copy of his own novel for Miss Ferrier's acceptance.

T. H. Lister to Miss Ferrier.

17 HERIOT ROW, Feb. 3, 1836.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I should feel that in requesting your acceptance of the book which accompanies this note I should be presuming too much upon the very short time that I have had the honor of being known to you, if Mrs.

* Sensation.

† In "Marriage" the *gourmet* physician to Lord Courtland, and "the living portrait of hundreds, though never before hit off so well."

‡ Miss Becky Duguid.

Lister had not told me that you had kindly spoken of it in approving terms. I hope, therefore, I may be allowed, without presumption, to present to you a book which you have thus raised in the opinion of its writer, and the composition of which is associated in my mind with the recollection of one of the greatest pleasures I have derived from novel-reading, for which I am indebted to you. I believe the only novel I read, or at any rate can now remember to have read during the whole time I was writing "Granby," was your "Inheritance."—Believe me, my dear madam, your very faithful, (Signed) T. H. LISTER.

From Mrs. Lister (afterwards Lady Theresa Cornwall Lewis) Miss Ferrier also received the following complimentary note.

Mrs. Lister to Miss Ferrier.

Thursday Night.

17 HERIOT ROW.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER,—I cannot leave Edinburgh without a grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and flattering gift. Mr. Lister called upon you in hopes of being able to wish you good-bye, and to tell you in person how much we were pleased with the proof you have given us that we are not unworthy of enjoying and appreciating your delightful works—pray accept our very best thanks, and I hope as an *authoress* you will not feel offended if I say that they will now have an added charm in our eyes from the regard which our personal acquaintance with the writer has engendered. I know that to those who do not mix much in society the acquaintance with strangers is often irksome; we therefore feel the more obliged to you for having allowed us the pleasure of knowing you, and I hope that if we return in the course of the year that we may find you less suffering in health, but as kindly disposed to receive our visits as you have hitherto been. We feel very grateful for all the kindness we have met with in Edinburgh, and amongst the pleasant reminiscences of the last five months we must always rank high the having received from you as a token of regard so acceptable a gift.—Believe me (or indeed I ought to say us), my dear Miss Ferrier, yours most sincerely, (Signed) M. THERESA LISTER.

Lord Murray, the late Scotch judge, writes to a mutual friend of his and Miss Ferrier's (Miss Walker of Dalry):—

I received a copy of "Inheritance" in the name of the author, and as I do not know who the *author* is, and I suspect that you know more than I do, I trust you will find some channel through which you will convey my thanks. I read "Inheritance" with very great pleasure. The characters are very well conceived, and delineated with great success. I may add, I have heard it highly commended by much better judges. Jeffrey speaks very favorably. He is particularly pleased with the nabob (major) and spouse, the letter from

the Lakes, and the P.S. to it. Lord Gwydyr, who lives entirely in fashionable circles, said to me much in its praise, in which I concurred. From many other symptoms, I have no doubt of its complete success.

Miss Hannah Mackenzie, daughter of the "Man of Feeling," writes to her friend Miss Ferrier:—

Walter Scott dined here the other day, and both he and papa joined heartily in their admiration of Uncle Adam, and their wish to know who he is. Sir W. also admires Miss Becky Duguid, and said he thought her quite a new character. I should like much to see you, and talk all over at length, but fear to invite you to my own bower for fear of suspicion; but I trust you will soon come boldly, and face my whole family. I do not think you need fear them much; of course, like other people, they have their "thoughts," but by no means speak with certainty, and Margaret has this minute assured us that she does *not* think it Miss Ferrier's.

Uncle Adam, with "his seventy thousand pounds," and as "cross as two sticks," in some degree resembled old Mr. Ferrier, who was somewhat brusque and testy in his manner, and alarmed many people who were otherwise unacquainted with the true genuine worth and honesty of his character. Miss Becky is a poor old maid saddled with commissions from all her friends of a most miscellaneous description.

She was expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials, but she was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to any party of pleasure.

She is an admirable pendant to the "Pratt," who is inseparable, however, from her invisible nephew, Mr. Anthony Whyte. Miss Pratt is a sort of female Paul Pry, always turning up at the most unexpected moment at Lord Rossville's, and finally put the finishing stroke to the pompous old peer by driving up to his castle door in the hearse of Mr. M'Vitie, the Radical distiller, being unable to procure any other mode of conveyance during a heavy snow-storm, and assured every one that she fancied she was the first person who thought herself in luck to have got into a hearse, but considered herself still luckier in having got well out of one.

Caroline, Duchess of Argyll,* expresses her appreciation of "The Inheritance" to the author, for whom she entertained a warm friendship.

* Daughter of Lord Jersey, and wife of the first Marquis of Anglesea, whom she divorced, when Lord Paget, in 1810: m. the same year George, sixth Duke of Argyll.

UPPER BROOK STREET, Monday Evening.

What can I say sufficiently to express my thanks either to you, my dear Miss Ferrier, or to the author of "The Inheritance," whoever she may be, for the most perfect edition of that *most perfect* book that was ever written! and now that I may be allowed to have my *suspicion*, I shall read it again with double pleasure. It was so kind of you to remember your promise! When I received your kind letter and books this morning, I was quite delighted with my beautiful present, and to find I was not forgotten by one of my best friends.

"The Inheritance"—a fact not generally known—was dramatized and produced at Covent Garden, but had a very short run, and was an utter failure, as might have been expected. Mrs. Gore was requested to adapt it for the stage by the chief comic actors of the day, and she writes to Miss Ferrier on the subject:—

Since the management of Covent Garden Theatre fell into the hands of Laporte, he has favored me with a commission to write a comedy for him, and the subject proposed by him is again the French novel of "*L'Héritière*," which turns out to be a literal translation of "The Inheritance." He is quite bent upon having Miss Pratt on the stage. I have not chosen to give Monsieur Laporte any positive answer on the subject without previously applying to yourself to know whether you have any intention or inclination to apply to the stage those admirable talents which are so greatly appreciated in London.

Mrs. Gore, meanwhile, had been forestalled in her attempt, as a play on the subject had been laid before the reader to Covent Garden, and she writes again to Miss Ferrier:—

I have since learned with regret that the play is the production of a certain Mr. Fitzball, the distinguished author of "The Flying Dutchman," and sixty other successful melodramas, represented with great applause at the Surrey, Coburg, City and Pavilion Theatres, etc.; in short a writer of a very low class. The play of "The Inheritance" has been accepted at Covent Garden, but from my knowledge of the general engagements of the theatre, I should say that it has not the slightest chance of approaching to representation. For your sake it cannot be better than in the black-box of the manager's room, which secures it at least from performance at the Coburg Theatre.

We must let the curtain, so to speak, drop on "The Inheritance," and pass on to "Destiny." This novel also appeared six years after, in 1831, and was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. And he acknowledges the compliment as follows:—

Sir Walter Scott to Miss Ferrier.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER, — Ann returned to-day, and part of her Edinburgh news informs me that you meditated honoring your present literary offspring with my name, so I do not let the sun set without saying how much I shall feel myself obliged and honored by such a compliment. I will not stand battle during compliments on my wand of merit, but can swallow so great a compliment as if I really deserved it, and indeed, as whatever I do not owe entirely to your goodness I may safely set down to your friendship, I shall scarce be more flattered one way or the other. I hope you will make good some hopes which make Ann very proud of visiting Abbotsford about April next. Nothing can give the proprietor more pleasure, for the birds, which are a prodigious chorus, are making of their nests and singing in blithe chorus. "Pray come, and do not make this a flattering dream." I know a little the value of my future godchild, since I had a peep at some of the sheets when I was in town during the great snow-storm, which out of compassion for an author closed up within her gates may prove an apology for his breach of confidence. So far I must say that what I have seen has had the greatest effect in making me curious for the rest.

Believe me, dear Miss Ferrier, with the greatest respect, your most sincere, humble servant,
(Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, *Tuesday Evening.*

In the next note he acknowledges a copy of "Destiny" sent him by the author.

Sir Walter Scott to Miss Ferrier.

DEAR MISS FERRIER, — If I had a spark of gratitude in me I ought to have written you well nigh a month ago to thank you in no common fashion for "Destiny," which by the few, and at the same time the probability, of its incidents, your writings are those of the first person of genius who has disarmed the little pedantry of the court of Cupid and of gods and men, and allowed youths and maidens to propose other alliances than those an early choice had pointed out to them. I have not time to tell you all the consequences of my revolutionary doctrine. All these we will talk over when you come here, which I am rejoiced to hear is likely to be on Saturday next, when Mr. Cadell* will be happy to be your beau in the Blucher,† and we will take care are met with at the toll. Pray do not make this a flattering dream. You are of the initiated, so will not be *de trop* with Cadell. — I am, always with the greatest respect and regard, your faithful and affectionate servant,

(Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, *Wednesday Evening.*

In 1832, the year after the birth of his

* "Destiny" was published by Cadell through Sir Walter's intervention, and by it the author realized £1,700.

† Name of the stage-coach.

godchild "Destiny," poor Sir Walter began to show signs of that general break-up of mind and body so speedily followed by his death. Of this sad state Miss Ferrier writes to her sister, Mrs. Kinloch (in London): —

Alas! the night cometh when no man can work, as is the case with that mighty genius which seems now completely quenched. Well might he be styled "a bright and a benignant luminary," for while all will deplore the loss of that bright intellect which has so long charmed a world — many will still more deeply lament the warm and steady friend, whose kind and genuine influence was ever freely diffused on all whom it could benefit. I trust, however, he may be spared yet a while — it might be salutary to himself to con over the lessons of a death-bed, and it might be edifying to others to have his record added to the many that have gone before him, that all below is vanity. But till we feel that we shall never believe it! I ought to feel it more than most people, as I sit in my dark and solitary chamber, shut out, as it seems, from all the "pride of life" — but alas! worldly things make their way into the darkest and most solitary recesses, for their dwelling is in the heart, and from thence God only can expel them.

Her first visit to the author of "Waverley" was in the autumn of 1811, when she accompanied her father to Ashiestiel. The invitation came from Scott to Mr. Ferrier.

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MY DEAR SIR, — We are delighted to see that your feet are free and disposed to turn themselves our way — a pleasure which we cannot consent to put off till we have a house at Abbotsford, which is but a distant prospect. We are quite disengaged and alone, saving the company of Mr. Terry the comedian, who is assisting me in planning my cottage, having been bred an architect under Wyat. He reads to us after coffee in the evening, which is very pleasant. This letter will reach you to-morrow, so probably *Thursday* may be a convenient day of march, when we shall expect you to dinner about five o'clock, unless the weather should be very stormy, in which case we should be sorry Miss Ferrier should risk getting cold. To-day is clearing up after a week's dismal weather, which may entitle us to expect some pleasant October days, not the worst of our climate. The road is by Middleton and Bank-house; we are ten miles from the last stage, and thirty from Edinburgh, hilly road. There is a ford beneath Ashiestiel generally very passable, but we will have the boat in readiness in case Miss Ferrier prefers it, or the water should be full. Mrs. Scott joins in kind respects to Miss Ferrier, and I ever am, dear sir, — Yours truly obliged,

(Signed)

W. SCOTT.

Ashiestiel, *October 17th.*

It was in 1811 that Scott was appointed a clerk of session, and to Mr. Ferrier he was in some measure indebted for that post.

Her last visit to Abbotsford is touchingly alluded to by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott."

To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might make these hours more frequent, his daughter had invited his friend the authoress of "Marriage" to come out to Abbotsford, and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect—but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way. He paused and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes gave him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking, and she affected also to be troubled with deafness, and would say, "Well, I am getting as dull as a post, I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.

A very interesting account of her recollections of visits to Ashiestiel and Abbotsford appeared in the February (1874) number of this magazine: it is short, but gives a sad and pathetic picture of the great man and his little grandson as they sat side by side at table.

The following letter on "Destiny" is from Mrs. Fletcher,* a distinguished citizen of Edinburgh at the commencement of this century, and a leader of the Whig society there. For that reason it is worthy of insertion here. Her son married Miss Clavering, as before mentioned.

Mrs. Fletcher to Miss Ferrier.

TADCASTER, April 16, 1831.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER,—I should not have been so long in thanking you for your kind present, had I not wished to subject "Destiny" to a severer test than that chosen by the French dramatist. His old woman

probably partook of the vivacity of her nation, but my old aunt, as Mary will tell you, is sick and often very sorrowful, and yet "Destiny" has made her laugh heartily, and cheated her of many wearisome hours of lamentation. My grandson, Archibald Taylor, too, forsook football and cricket for your fascinating book, and told me "he could sit up all night to see what had become of Ronald." Mr. Ribley and "Kitty, my dear" hit his comic fancy particularly. My two most bookish neighbors, one an Oxford divine, and the other a Cambridge student, declare that "Glenroy and M'Dow are exquisite originals." My own favorite, "Molly Macaulay," preserves her good humor to the last, though I thought you rather unmerciful in shutting her up so long in Johnnie's nursery. The fashionable heartlessness of Lady Elizabeth and her daughter is colored to the life, and the refreshment of returning to nature, truth, affection, and happiness at Inch Oran is admirably managed. Mary tells me you have returned from Fife with fresh materials for future volumes. Go on, dear Miss Ferrier, you are accountable for the talents entrusted to you. Go on to detect selfishness in all its various forms and foldings; to put pride and vanity to shame; to prove that vulgarity belongs more to character than condition, and that all who make the world their standard are essentially vulgar and low-minded, however noble their exterior or refined their manners may be, and that true dignity and elevation belong only to those to whom Milton's lines may be applied:—

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.

The following letter from Joanna Baillie gives a very just and truthful criticism on "Destiny."

Miss Joanna Baillie to Miss Ferrier.

HAMPSTEAD, May 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I received your very kind present of your last work about three weeks ago, and am very grateful for the pleasure I have had in reading it, and for being thus remembered by you. I thank you also for the pleasure and amusement which my sisters and some other friends have drawn from it. The first volume struck me as extremely clever, the description of the different characters, their dialogues, and the writer's own remarks, excellent. There is a spur both with the writer and the reader on the opening of a work which naturally gives the beginning of a story many advantages, but I must confess that your characters never forget their outset, but are well supported to the very end. Your Molly Macaulay* is a delightful creature, and

* The humble and devoted dependent of the proud chief, Glenroy, and governess to his children. She was drawn from life, for Mrs. Kinloch writes to her sister, Miss Ferrier: "Molly Macaulay is charming; her niece, Miss Cumming, is an old acquaintance of mine, and told me the character was drawn to the life. The old lady is still alive, in her ninety-first year, at In-

* Her "Memoir," by her daughter, Lady Richardson, was published not long since.

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Mrs. Fletcher to Miss Ferrier.

TADCASTER, April 16, 1831.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER,—I should not have been so long in thanking you for your kind present, had I not wished to subject "Destiny" to a severer test than that chosen by the French dramatist. His old woman

probably partook of the vivacity of her nation, but my old aunt, as Mary will tell you, is sick and often very sorrowful, and yet "Destiny" has made her laugh heartily, and cheated her of many wearisome hours of lamentation. My grandson, Archibald Taylor, too, forsook football and cricket for your fascinating book, and told me "he could sit up all night to see what had become of Ronald." Mr. Ribley and "Kitty, my dear" hit his comic fancy particularly. My two most bookish neighbors, one an Oxford divine, and the other a Cambridge student, declare that "Glenroy and M'Dow are exquisite originals." My own favorite, "Molly Macaulay," preserves her good humor to the last, though I thought you rather unmerciful in shutting her up so long in Johnnie's nursery. The fashionable heartlessness of Lady Elizabeth and her daughter is colored to the life, and the refreshment of returning to nature, truth, affection, and happiness at Inch Oran is admirably managed. Mary tells me you have returned from Fife with fresh materials for future volumes. Go on, dear Miss Ferrier, you are accountable for the talents entrusted to you. Go on to detect selfishness in all its various forms and foldings; to put pride and vanity to shame; to prove that vulgarity belongs more to character than condition, and that all who make the world their standard are essentially vulgar and low-minded, however noble their exterior or refined their manners may be, and that true dignity and elevation belong only to those to whom Milton's lines may be applied:—

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.

The following letter from Joanna Baillie gives a very just and truthful criticism on "Destiny."

Miss Joanna Baillie to Miss Ferrier.

HAMPSTEAD, May 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I received your very kind present of your last work about three weeks ago, and am very grateful for the pleasure I have had in reading it, and for being thus remembered by you. I thank you also for the pleasure and amusement which my sisters and some other friends have drawn from it. The first volume struck me as extremely clever, the description of the different characters, their dialogues, and the writer's own remarks, excellent. There is a spur both with the writer and the reader on the opening of a work which naturally gives the beginning of a story many advantages, but I must confess that your characters never forget their outset, but are well supported to the very end. Your Molly Macaulay* is a delightful creature, and

* The humble and devoted dependent of the proud chief, Glenroy, and governess to his children. She was drawn from life, for Mrs. Kinloch writes to her sister, Miss Ferrier: "Molly Macaulay is charming; her niece, Miss Cumming, is an old acquaintance of mine, and told me the character was drawn to the life. The old lady is still alive, in her ninety-first year, at In-

* Her "Memoir," by her daughter, Lady Richardson, was published not long since.

the footing she is on with Glenroy very naturally represented, to say nothing of the rising of her character at the end, when the weight of contempt is removed from her, which is very good and true to nature. Your minister, M'Dow,* hateful as he is, is very amusing, and a true representative of a few of the Scotch clergy, and with different language and manners of a great many of the English clergy—worldly, mean men, who boldly make their way into every great and wealthy family for the sake of preferment and good cheer. Your Lady Elizabeth, too, with all her selfishness and excess of absurdity, is true to herself throughout, and makes a very characteristic ending of it in her third marriage. But why should I tease you by going through the different characters? Suffice it to say that I thank you very heartily, and congratulate you on again having added a work of so much merit to our stock of national novels. Perhaps before this you have received a very short publication of mine on a very serious subject. I desired my bookseller to send a copy to you, inclosed along with one to your friend, Miss Mackenzie. How far you will agree with my opinions regarding it I cannot say, but of one thing I am sure, that you will judge with candor and charity. I should have sent one to Mr. Alison had I not thought it presumptuous in me to send such a work to any clergyman, and, with only one exception (a Presbyterian clergyman), I have abstained from doing so. I was very much obliged to Mrs. Mackenzie, Lord M's lady, for the letter she was so good as to write me in her sister-in-law's stead. If you should meet her soon, may I beg that you will have the goodness to thank her in my name? I was very sorry, indeed, to learn from her that Miss Mackenzie had been so ill, and was then so weak, and that the favorable account I had received of your eyes had been too favorable. With all good wishes to you, in which my sister begs to join me,—I remain, my dear madam, gratefully and sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. BAILLIE.

Professor Wilson, "Christopher North," and his uncle, Mr. Robert Sym, W.S., "Timothy Tickler," discuss the merits of "Destiny" in the far-famed "Noctes."

Tickler.—I would also except Miss Susan Ferrier. Her novels, no doubt, have many defects, their plots are poor, their episodes disproportionate, and the characters too often caricatures; but they are all thickset with such specimens of sagacity, such happy traits of nature, such flashes of genuine satire, such easy humor, sterling good sense, and, above all—God only knows where she picked it up

veraray, and Miss C., who is a very clever, pleasing person, seems delighted with the truth and spirit of the whole character of her aunty."

* Lord Jeffrey considered M'Dow "an entire and perfect chrysolite not to be meddled with."

—mature and perfect knowledge of the world, that I think we may safely anticipate for them a different fate from what awaits even the cleverest of juvenile novels.

North.—They are the works of a very clever woman, sir, and they have one feature of true and melancholy interest quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking-down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful gleams of their half-savage chivalry, but a humbler and sadder scene—the age of lucre-banished clans—of chieftains dwindled into imitation squires, and of chiefs content to barter the recollections of a thousand years for a few gaudy seasons of Almacks and Crockfords, the euthanasia of kilned aldermen and steamboat pibrochs was reserved for Miss Ferrier.

Tickler.—She in general falls almost as egregiously as Hooke does in the pathetic,* but in her last piece there is one scene of this description worthy of either Sterne or Goldsmith. I mean where the young man† supposed to have been lost at sea, revisits, after a lapse of time, the precincts of his own home, watching unseen in the twilight the occupations and bearings of the different members of the family, and resolving, under the influence of a most generous feeling, to keep the secret of his preservation.

North.—I remember it well, and you might bestow the same kind of praise on the whole character of Molly Macaulay. It is a picture of humble, kind-hearted, thorough-going devotion and long-suffering, indefatigable gentleness, of which, perhaps, no sinner of our gender could have adequately filled up the outline. Miss Ferrier appears habitually in the light of a hard satirist, but there is always a fund of romance at the bottom of every true woman's heart who has tried to stifle and suppress that element more carefully and pertinaciously, and yet who has drawn, in spite of herself, more genuine tears than the authoress of "Simple Susan."

The story of "Destiny," like its predecessors, is laid in Miss Ferrier's favorite Highlands, and it contains several picturesque and vivid descriptions of scenery there, Inveraray and its surroundings generally forming the model for her graphic pen. Much of this novel was written at Stirling Castle, when she was there on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Graham,‡ whose

* This is not true, as there are many pathetic passages in "Destiny," particularly between Edith, the heroine, and her faithless lover, Sir Reginald.

† Ronald Malcolm.

‡ Celebrated by Burns, the poet, for her beauty. She inspired his muse when turning the corner of George Street, Edinburgh. The lines addressed to her are to be found in his "Poems." She was also a highly gifted artist. The illustrations in the work called the "Stirling Heads" are from her pencil. It was published by Blackwood, 1817.

* She sometimes publishes

husband, General Graham, was governor of that garrison. After the publication of this last work, and the offer of a thousand pounds from a London publisher for anything from her pen,* she entirely ceased from her literary labors, being content to rest upon the solid and enduring reputation her three "bantlings" (as she called her novels) had won for her. The following fragment, however, was found among her papers, and is the portrait of another old maid, and might serve as a companion to Miss Pratt: as it is amusing, and in the writer's satirical style, I lay it before my readers:—

Miss Betty Landon was a single lady of small fortune, few personal charms, and a most jaundiced imagination. There was no event, not even the most fortunate, from which Miss Betty could not extract evil; everything now the milk of human kindness with her turned to gall and vinegar. Thus, if any of her friends were married, she sighed over the miseries of the wedded state; if they were single, she bewailed their solitary, useless condition; if they were parents, she pitied them for having children: if they had no children, she pitied them for being childless. But one of her own letters will do greater justice to the turn of her mind than the most elaborate description.

"MY DEAR MISS—,—I ought to have written to you long before now, but I have suffered so much from the constant changes of the weather, that the wonder is I am able to hold a pen. During the whole summer the heat was really quite intolerable, not a drop of rain or a breath of wind, the cattle dying for absolute want, the vegetables dear and scarce, and as for fruit—that, you know, in this town, is at all times scarce and bad, and particularly when there is the greatest occasion for it. In the autumn we never had two days alike, either wind or rain, or frost, or something or another; and as for our winter—you know what that is—either a constant splash of rain, or a frost like to take the skin off you. For these six weeks, I may say I have had a constant running at my head, with a return of my old complaint; but as for doctors, I see no good they do, except to load people's stomachs and pick their pockets: everything now is imposition; I really think the very pills are not what they were thirty years ago. How people with families continue to live is a mystery to me; and people still going on marrying, in the face of national debt, taxes, a new war, a starving population, ruined commerce, and no outlet for young men in any quarter—God only knows what is to be the end of all this! In spite of all this, these thoughtless young creatures, the Trueman, have thought proper to

make out their marriage; he is just five-and-twenty, and she is not yet nineteen! so you may judge what a prudent, well-managed establishment it will be. He is in a good enough business at present, but in these times who can tell what's to happen? He may be wallowing in wealth to-day, and bankrupt to-morrow. His sister's marriage with Fairplay is now quite off, and her prospects for life, poor thing, completely wrecked! Her looks are entirely gone, and her spirits quite broken. She is not like the same creature, and to be sure, to a girl who had set her heart upon being married, it must be a great and severe disappointment, for this was her only chance, unless she tries India, and the expense of the outfit must be a complete bar to that. You would hear that poor Lady Oldhouse has had a son—it seemed a desirable thing, situated as they are with an entailed property; and yet when I look around me, and see the way that sons go on, the dissipation and extravagance, and the heart-break they are to their parents, I think a son anything but a blessing. No word of anything of that kind to the poor Richardsons; with all their riches, they are without any one to come after them. The Prowleys are up in the air at having got what they call 'a fine appointment' for their fourth son, but for my part I'm really sick of hearing of boys going to India, for after all what do they do there? I never hear of their sending home anything but black children, and when they come home themselves, what do they bring but yellow faces, worn-out constitutions, and livers like cocked-hats, crawling about from one watering-place to another, till they are picked up by some light-hearted fortune-hunting miss, who does not care twopence for them."

A beautiful and strong feature in Miss Ferrier's character was her intense devotion to her father, and when he died the loss to her was irreparable. She also was much attached to a very handsome brother, James; he was colonel of the Ninety-fourth Regiment, or Scots Brigade, and died in India in 1804, at the early age of twenty-seven. He had been at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799, and was much distinguished by the notice of Napoleon at Paris in February, 1803. Whence he writes to his sister Susan:—

I think I wrote you I had been introduced to the chief consul. I was on Sunday last presented to his lady, who I do not at all admire. The great man spoke to me then again, which is a very unusual thing, and I am told by the French I must be in his good graces; however, I myself rather think it was my good fortune only, at all events it has given me much pleasure, for it would have only been doing the thing half if he had not spoken to me. I do not think any of the pictures like him much, although most of them have some resemblance; they give him a frown in gen-

* She says (1837), "I made two attempts to write something, but could not please myself, and would not publish anything."

eral, which he certainly has not—so far from it, that when he speaks he has one of the finest expressions possible.

Here, unfortunately, this interesting description comes abruptly to an end, the rest of the letter being lost. On account of failing health and increased bodily languor, Miss Ferrier latterly lived a very retired life, seeing few but very intimate friends, and, as she said, "We are more recluse than ever, as our little circle is yearly contracting, and my eyes are more and more averse to light than ever."

Again she writes:—

I can say nothing good of myself, my cough is very severe, and will probably continue so, at least as long as this weather lasts, but I have many comforts, for which I am thankful: amongst those I must reckon silence and darkness, which are my best companions at present.

For years she had suffered from her eyes, being nearly quite blind of one.* In 1830 she went to London to consult an oculist, but unfortunately derived little benefit. While there, she visited Isleworth, in order to see a villa belonging to Lord Cassillis, and which subsequently figured in "Destiny" as "Woodlands," Lady Waldegrave's rural retreat near London. A valued friend † who saw much of her remarked:—

The wonderful vivacity she maintained in the midst of darkness and pain for so many years, the humor, wit, and honesty of her character, as well as the Christian submission with which she bore her great privation and general discomfort when not suffering acute pain, made every one who knew her desirous to alleviate the tediousness of her days, and I used to read a great deal to her at one time, and I never left her darkened chamber without feeling that I had gained something better than the book we might be reading, from her quick perception of its faults and its beauties, and her unmerciful remarks on all that was mean or unworthy in conduct or expression.

But perhaps the most faithful picture of her is conveyed in this brief sentence from Scott's diary, who describes her

as a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation, the least *exigante* of any author-female, at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humor, and exceedingly

ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.

From the natural modesty of her character she had a great dislike to her biography or memorial of her in any shape being written, for she destroyed all letters that might have been used for such a purpose, publicity of any kind being most distasteful to her, evidence of which is very clearly shown in the first part of this narrative. The chief secret of her success as a novelist (setting aside her great genius) was the great care and time she bestowed on the formation of each novel—an interval of six years occurring between each, the result being delineations of character that are unique.

Unfortunately there is little to relate regarding her childhood, that most interesting period of human existence in the lives of (and which is generally distinguished by some uncommon traits of character) people of genius—save that she had for a school companion and playfellow the late Lord Brougham, the distinguished statesman; she was remarkable also for her power of mimicry. An amusing anecdote of this rather dangerous gift is the following. Her brothers and sisters returned home from a ball, very hungry, and entered her room, where they supposed she lay asleep, and, while discussing the events of the evening and the repast they had procured by stealth (unknown to their father), they were suddenly put to flight by the sounds and voice, as they thought, of their dreaded parent ascending the stairs, and in their confusion and exit from the room overturned chairs and tables, much to the amusement of little Susan, who, no doubt, enjoyed the fright and commotion she had caused, and who mimicked under the cover of the bedclothes the accents of her redoubtable parent—a fit punishment, as she thought, for their ruthless invasion of her chamber, and their not offering her a share of their supper. An old Miss Peggy Campbell (sister to Sir Islay Campbell, president of the Court of Session) was also taken off by her, and so like that her father actually came into the room, where she was amusing her hearers, thinking that Miss Campbell was really present. In conclusion, it only remains to be said that when she died a blank was left in her native city that has not been filled since, the modern Athens having sadly deteriorated in the wit, learning, and refinement that so distinguished her in the days that are gone.

* Lady Morgan, a fellow-sufferer from her eyes, was most anxious she should consult Mr. Alexander, the eminent oculist, as he entirely cured her after four years' expectation of total blindness.

† Lady Richardson.

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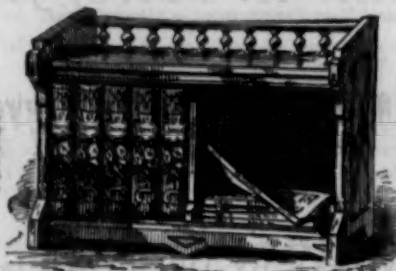
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